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The Shape of Things

ANOTHER WEEK HAS PASSED WITHOUT THE opening of the long-heralded Axis spring campaign but from Munich, Rome, and Tokyo an oratorical barrage has been let loose upon the world. At the same time, the diplomatic miners and sappers have increased their activities in the Balkans, in Spain, in Vichy, in Saigon, and in Bangkok. All signs point to a new attempt to knock Britain out but we have yet to learn the direction of the main blow. In his latest speech Hitler declared that the war was entering its final phase and dwelt lovingly on the greatly intensified submarine campaign that he was about to launch. If this is indeed his intention it may mean that he hopes to soften up Britain by an all-out attack on its supply lines before he attempts the risky expedient of invasion. Again, he may be aiming at a reduction of British naval strength in the Mediterranean in order to give his Italian partner a much-needed breathing spell and to smooth the way for the completion of his plans for a bloodless conquest of the Balkans. If Japan could be induced simultaneously to move against Singapore, Hitler might feel he had the British cornered, but Tokyo, not anxious to take undue risks for the benefit of its allies, has apparently decided on a policy of watchful waiting. It is perfectly clear that the reinforcement of Singapore, and the very unappealing nature of both American and British reactions to the latest Japanese threats, has had a sobering effect on Foreign Minister Matsuoka and his colleagues. They have tried to cover their confusion with a diverting exhibition of double-talk, one day protesting their complete innocence of aggressive designs and the next calling on "the white race" to surrender a large area of the South Pacific vaguely termed "Oceania."

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MUSSOLINI'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE AXIS chorus was almost pathetic in its defensiveness. Making a virtue of brave candor, Il Duce admitted that the Italian army in Libya had suffered a terrific defeat. But he was less frank about the drubbing administered by the Greeks, presumably because he hopes that in Albania Hitler will still save his hide if not his honor. Replying to Graziani's complaint that his forces had been insuffi-

ciently supplied, Mussolini gave detailed figures of the men and material sent to North Africa which, if true, make the British victory still more notable since they placed Italian strength far above previous estimates. Seeking to boost the morale of his people he assured them that Italy was playing a notable part in the war by pinning down a large proportion of Britain's land, sea, and air forces. But perhaps he sensed the inadequacy of this consolation for he went on to glorify Nazi might, indicating that, no matter how low Italy's fortunes might fall, it could count on final rescue by Germany. Thus once again an upstart Caesar calls in the barbarians to save his throne. To those versed in Mussolini's circumlocutions, the speech offered several hints of his concern about the state of Italian morale. For instance, he repudiated "the libel" that there was lack of solidarity between Germans and Italians, asserting that the behavior of the Nazis in Sicily and Libya was "perfect." This suggests that these honored guests have made themselves thoroughly unpopular. Again Il Duce gave special praise to the Italian workers for their patriotism and skill, declaring they would be rewarded for their sacrifices after the war was over, and differentiating them from "the minority of well-known poltroons." To our suspicious mind this confirms rumors of unrest in the industrial cities.

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HITLER'S STRANGLEHOLD ON THE BALKANS appears to have tightened during the past week, yet Berlin's rejoicings over the Turkish-Bulgarian pact may prove a trifle premature. Taking it simply at face value this treaty is a mutual undertaking against aggression, which has no bearing on Turkish action in the event of German occupation of Bulgaria and subsequent invasion of Greece. But in this country, as well as in the Axis states, it was interpreted as a guarantee of Turkish neutrality under all circumstances, except actual invasion of Turkish soil, and a resounding defeat for British diplomacy. The Turks themselves did little to clarify the situation when they insisted that their policy remained unchanged and that they would resist all threats to their security zone. London gave out nothing officially, but various "spokesmen" were allowed to express conflicting opinions. Meanwhile Greece declared vehemently that it had no intention of capitulating to the German ultimatum which, it was said, would quickly follow the occupation of Bulgaria. The total effect of these reactions was to produce a mental fog about the Balkan situation. Is it possible that the British have been taking another leaf out of Hitler's book, and that all this mystification is connected with the next move of Wavell's seasoned and triumphant army, which has suddenly faded out of the news? Meanwhile, it may be noted that the Germans have exhibited one of their "*Blitz*" films to a distinguished Bulgarian audience. This suggests that the march

may begin any day. But it will be some weeks yet before the weather becomes really propitious for Balkan campaigning. There is only one moderately good road connecting Bulgaria and Greece and the terrain is far from ideal for mechanized troops. Thus, while Greece is no doubt being subjected to the usual war of nerves, an interval is likely before threats give way to actions.

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EXTENSION OF THE THAILAND-INDO-CHINA armistice for ten days has delayed a showdown on the Japanese demands against the French colony. But the situation remains acute. Last week's rejection of Japan's terms by Vichy was undoubtedly a by-product of the stiffening of British and American policy as shown by the reinforcement of Singapore and the House passage of the bill authorizing the fortification of Guam. Barring British, American, or Chinese aid, the French are obviously in no position to resist Japan by force of arms. Although the Japanese may hesitate to attack either Singapore or the East Indies because of the risk of American intervention, they might proceed on the assumption that such aid would not be forthcoming for the protection of Indo-China or Thailand. If this tactic proved successful, they might, on the same theory, make Burma their next objective, thus avoiding a frontal attack on Singapore. The democratic world has become so accustomed to thinking in terms of *Blitzkriegs* that it has neglected the nibbling tactics responsible for most Axis victories.

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THE REMOVAL OF MAXIM LITVINOV FROM the Bolshevik Party's Central Committee is a matter of routine. By tradition, the Commissar of Foreign Affairs is automatically a member of the Central Committee. Litvinov is no longer Commissar. Therefore the first party conference that met after his dismissal from government office also ousted him from the Central Committee. The reason given is somewhat mysterious—"inability to discharge obligations." Since Molotov, the present Foreign Commissar, is already on the Central Committee of the party, the membership relinquished by Litvinov goes to V. G. Dekanozov, Soviet Ambassador in Berlin and one of the chief negotiators of the Nazi-Soviet pact. Dekanozov is thus unofficially designated as second to Molotov in the Soviet foreign service. This has political significance and suggests that Moscow has no intention of marring its present "good-neighborly" and subservient relationship to the Nazis. In the same shake-up, Molotov's wife, Paulina Zhemchuzhina, was demoted. She has been ousted as alternate member of the Central Committee. Either she is no longer Madame Molotov or this is a faint hint to Molotov that the purge may get him too. The turnover of Soviet bureaucrats continues at top speed. The party conference expelled several high gov-

ernment officials and reprimanded others for inefficiency in economic posts of supreme importance. Apparently, commissars go on doing a bad job even though Trotsky is dead and Hitler and Hess are friends of the Soviet Union.

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THE RATHER LUDICROUS ATTEMPT OF THE National Association of Manufacturers to dissociate itself from Ralph Robey's broadside against "subversive" textbooks should fool no one. The N. A. M. does not deny that it requested and paid for the examination of 536 textbooks on which Mr. Robey's report was based. But apparently the N. A. M. would like to dodge the violent criticism which the Robey report has brought forth not only from educators but from manufacturers—of textbooks. Mr. Robey, a conservative economist, declared in his "personal" report that a substantial proportion of the textbooks now used in the high schools criticize our form of government and hold in derision or contempt the system of private enterprise. In support of this charge, passages are listed from the abstracts of seven books which are cited as being derogatory to the American form of government and critical of free business enterprise. A careful reading of these passages, which are torn from their context, reveals nothing that could even be called derogatory to our form of government, but a great deal that might be taken as criticism of our system of "free" enterprise. The textbooks written by Harold Rugg of Teachers' College, which have been under special fire from reactionary groups in recent months, emerged from the survey with significantly few demerits. The worst that Mr. Robey was able to find in Rugg's writings was a section indicating that there was a difference of opinion among the framers of the Constitution as to the amount of democracy it would be safe to give the common people. The N. A. M. has a right to investigate textbooks; but it can't expect to escape the public consequences of its red-baiting excursion.

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THE ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH WHICH HAS been fighting enactment of what it terms the new model state "anti-criminal-syndicalism and sabotage law" has elicited a remarkable disavowal from the Department of Justice. Its Washington correspondent, Richard L. Stokes, obtained an interview in which an unnamed but high spokesman for the department disclaimed all responsibility for the bill and suggested that "revisions should be made if it is found that the rights of labor are inadequately safeguarded." The *Post-Dispatch*, opposing the bill in Missouri, feels that the job of combatting sabotage on defense had best be left in the hands of Washington. We already have a federal anti-sabotage law that covers all work done on defense. State laws against the destruction of property supply additional protection. In

the last war most injustices were traceable to local and state authorities who inflamed local juries and used local prosecutions in a way which the Federal authorities would never have dared use them. The *Post-Dispatch* says: "The energy and good sense of the American people are severely taxed these days by the double job of keeping their government safe from overt attacks and themselves, as individuals, safe from the impact of war-borne violence and hysteria. We must never forget that in Washington we have agencies best equipped to deal with this delicate equation." The supporters of this dangerously worded model bill have yet to prove that it is necessary in the interests of defense.

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THERE ARE ALSO EARMARKS OF HYSTERIA about current attempts in Congress to legalize wire-tapping, although Congress forbade the practice during the last war and again in 1934. An effort to railroad bills through the House Judiciary Committee with "shotgun" hearings was blocked at the last moment by labor pressure but the fight is still on to keep them open long enough to consider available evidence on the dangers involved. The committee has so far heard but little of the relevant evidence. Alexander Holtzoff, attorney for the F. B. I., has been doing his best to bulldoze opposition witnesses at the hearings, and his strategy seems to lie in a readiness to accept any kind of a bill as an entering wedge restoring a practice now forbidden by law. J. Edgar Hoover, on record many times in the past as being opposed to wire-tapping, has so far declined the request of committee members that he appear personally to explain why he has changed his mind. The C. I. O., the A. F. of L., and the railroad brotherhoods have all gone on record as strongly opposing the legalization of the "dirty business," Justice Holmes's term for wire-tapping. Joseph A. Padway, general counsel of the A. F. of L., has submitted an opinion on the "vast possibilities of abuse" in wire-tapping. "Those who advance the argument that wire-tapping is necessary for national defense," A. F. Whitney of the Railroad Trainmen wrote Chairman Hatton W. Summers of the House Judiciary Committee, "are merely using the national defense as an excuse to forge another weapon against labor. The saboteur or spy or criminal will know how to overcome the proposed method of surveillance, but the innocent man or woman who desires to communicate with a labor organizer will feel restrained from doing so."

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WILLIAM S. KNUDSEN DESERVES CREDIT FOR his forthright testimony before the House Judiciary Committee against legislation designed to curb strikes in the defense industries. Mr. Knudsen is as interested as anyone in the country in seeing the defense industries swing

quickly into maximum production. But he declared quite unequivocally that he did not consider the strike situation serious and suggested that the amount of industrial strife would decline when union leaders gain more experience and "management decides to accept the laws on the statute books." In testifying before the same committee on the following day, Sidney Hillman, Associate Director of OPM, went even further. He declared that strikes were a rare exception in defense industries, and that anything which undermined the present spirit of voluntary cooperation would be a basic threat to production. In face of this uncompromising stand by the two men directly responsible for defense production, we trust that the demand for anti-strike laws will be quietly shelved.

Communists and Unions

THERE was a time when trade unionism seemed a fairly simple proposition. Fair wages and decent working conditions were the objectives; what deep strategies were planned and what bitterness arose were directed against bull-headed employers. Then, early in the 1930's, the Communists, abandoning their own backyard, dissolved their exclusively Communist unions and plunged into the organizations they had long been fighting. In those unions where they made a dent the simple pattern of other years has been buried beneath sticky layers of caucuses, lines, progressive wings, committees to preserve the union from disrupters, committees to preserve the union from the preservers, and in general such a compound of maneuvering, scheming, and parliamentary tricks that a simple trade unionist is glad to pay his dues and leave the field of operations to the politicians. That means to the Communists, because they are the Tammany Hall of the labor movement. They have the discipline, the zeal, the central boards of strategy, and above all the political axes to grind. They do whatever hard work of the organization they can lay their hands on and by the time their fellow-unionists discover that these willing and efficient brothers have been working through the union rather than for it, it is usually too late. The union is in their hands and has become one more organism for carrying out the policies of the Communist Party.

Until two weeks ago this blight was treated pretty much in the spirit of Mark Twain's remark on the weather. Everybody talked about it but nobody did anything. And for good reasons. Aside from the effective work they do, the Communists' chief source of strength in the unions has been their contention that opposition to Communist policy, known in the trade as "red-baiting," is a divisive force in the union and hence a boon to the union's enemies. Though that contention is true, by and large, it obviously passes a point of diminishing

returns when unity can be had only at the price of Communist domination. Nevertheless, red-baiting has been a major "don't" in the labor movement and few have relished violating the taboo. Even more important, there seemed no effective way of doing so that would not be as full of danger to the union as the activities of the Communists themselves.

On February 17 the executive council of the American Federation of Teachers took the bull by the horns: it recommended to its membership the expulsion of three Communist-controlled locals on the charge that their activities are "detrimental to the development of democracy in education." If a majority of the members of the union sustain the council, the A. F. of L. will with one sweeping gesture have rid itself of a growth that has been sapping it internally and exposing it to attack from without. It will also have suggested to other unions that the problem created by the Communists is by no means insoluble.

The method chosen by the A. F. of L. council, however, is far from definitive for the labor movement as a whole. A sharp distinction must be made between those unions, like the teachers' and the various civil-service unions, for which the closed shop is a relatively meaningless phrase, and those that either enjoy or actively strive for closed or preferential shop arrangements. We do not believe in setting up political qualifications of any sort in unions which are in a position to make it impossible for a man to earn his living unless he holds a union card. For such organizations, the A. F. of L.'s approach to the Communist problem is not a just solution. Frankly, we don't know what would be. But we see no reason at all why Communist mischief should be tolerated in unions which are purely voluntary.

The course chosen by the Federation's council admittedly involves dangers and painful precedents. Presumably new locals will be formed to replace the ousted groups. How will the union determine the eligibility of applicants? If no qualifications are set up there is nothing to prevent the Communists from rushing right back into control. And what kind of qualifications can be imposed? Certainly membership in the Communist Party would be a futile prohibition since the comrades are more than reticent about admitting membership, and the fellow-traveler, moreover, is often more orthodox than the holder of a party card. Perhaps the union will create a membership committee to pass arbitrarily on applications on the principle that a voluntary association is free to judge the qualifications of its members. A committee of political sophisticates would know from experience how to spot the party-liners. It is perfectly clear that this precedent might lead to abuse should the committee fall under the control of the wrong people, but machinery could be set up to provide for appeal to the executive council or even to the convention. Rejected applicants

would not be barred from working, since no closed shop is involved, and they would be free to form another union if they so desired. The only liberty to be infringed would be the liberty they now enjoy to use other workers for their own purposes.

The number of unions in a position to take action of this sort is not great but their housecleaning would have a wholesome effect and might serve as a check to Communist arrogance throughout the labor movement.

What Russia Wants

The author of the statement which appears below is an important official of a Balkan country whose name must be withheld for obvious reasons. We have, however, every reason to believe that he is a competent and truthful observer who in the course of many visits to Russia, the latest only a few months ago, has had exceptional opportunities for contact with leading members of the Soviet government. His remarks seem to us to throw a good deal of light on the negative attitude of Moscow with regard to Nazi expansion in the Balkans. It is also noteworthy that his report on the internal situation in Russia is borne out by the sweeping attacks on industrial waste and inefficiency made by official speakers at the Communist Party conference in Moscow.—EDITORS THE NATION.

I AM convinced that Russia will do everything to avoid being drawn into conflict with Germany. Generals and Foreign Office officials with whom I talked obviously held the German army and *Luftwaffe* in tremendous awe. Furthermore, the internal position is such that Stalin would not dare enter into a war. The economic situation in the big cities has become worse since my previous visit in 1937. Everything is concentrated on rearmament, but I was told it would be at least three years before this work was completed. Russia is building up gigantic reserves of raw materials and foodstuffs for military purposes. On the other hand, there is still a shortage of food for civilian consumption, partly due to the fact that distribution and freight problems remain unsolved. Hundreds of people stand day and night in front of the stores. The pace in the factories is just as slow as in 1937, but I found some progress in agriculture. Many farms have been modernized and new schools and better clothing provided for village children.

In spite of all denials, Russia wants a pact with Japan. Voroshilov, whom I have known for twenty years and whose importance is often underestimated abroad, was very frank on this point. In his opinion an agreement with Japan would balance the Soviet-German pact. Japan would guarantee Russia's influence in north China, after making peace with Chungking, thus freeing the Soviet Far Eastern army. Voroshilov was certain that Japan and China would sign a peace treaty this spring and that Japan

would then turn toward the South Pacific where Russia has no interests. He was also certain that the United States would be drawn into war against Japan.

S . . . [of the Foreign Office] told me that Soviet policy was to keep Turkey neutral as long as it was not directly attacked. He and other officials in the same department confirmed the report that Hitler and Von Ribbentrop had assured Molotov that Germany would not attack Turkey.

At a dinner given by the Commissar for Foreign Trade, Anastas Mikoyan, I heard the following:

(1) This war does not concern Russia. It does not want a German victory and has no illusions about what such a victory would mean. But it is believed that Britain and the United States will be able to balance Nazi strength. The war is expected to last at least till 1945, and by that date the Red Army will be reorganized.

(2) The continued independence of Finland is not regarded favorably. Russia would like to control the rest of Finland and particularly the Aaland Islands. Although plans for an offensive against Finland are officially denied, a military move in the spring seems likely.

Views of Russian government officials do not always agree with those of Comintern spokesmen. Dimitrov is sure that the people of Europe will chase Hitler away. He thinks it would be harmful to help Britain, for doing so would strengthen another enemy of the workers. Despite the presence of Sir Stafford Cripps, mistrust of Britain is still great. The fact that Halifax was retained by Churchill was unfavorably received. Dimitrov believes that should Russia become involved in the war Britain and Germany might make peace in order to pursue a common policy against the Soviets. For this reason he is one of the chief supporters of Stalin's foreign policy. Russia, he said, must be very cautious and make economic concessions in order to keep Hitler at a distance.

Luce Thinking

BY FRED A. KIRCHWEY

A NEW brand of imperialism is fast gaining favor in this country. It sells readily. The market is pretty well cleaned out of the old, stock brands and those that are left carry trade names like "New Order" and "*Lebensraum*." Neither one attracts fastidious American buyers who long to get their teeth into something that is guaranteed pure and has a nice sweet flavor. The new brand is put out under a variety of labels. Mr. Luce in a very large advertisement in his magazine *Life* calls it the "American Century." Dorothy Thompson describes it as a "Call to Destiny" and uses other language that might have come straight out of a spring seed catalog. But the new American imperialism, under whatever trademark it is sold, is dangerous food for democrats.

Let's look at the claims made for this product. They are persuasive and alluring. Boiled down to their essence they amount to this: the United States has set its hand to the task of helping Britain defeat Hitler. But "helping Britain" is a euphemism. What we are really doing is to help win a war which will establish the United States as the dominant power in the world. In 1918 we muffed the opportunity to reconstruct the world according to our own ideas. This time we cannot afford to hesitate; we must seize the leadership of the world, lay down our own peace terms, and create an American "new order" in which democratic ideals shall rule. Sounds nice, doesn't it? But at the same time doesn't it also sound faintly reminiscent? Echoes ring in the ears. Ghosts wander the corridors of the brain. "Manifest destiny." "Anglo-Saxon justice." "The white man's burden." Is this new imperialism nothing more than Kipling in modern dress? We'd better study the prospectus a little more closely.

Henry Luce lays out a fairly comprehensive program for the American century. We are, first, to insure the freedom of the seas and become "the dynamic leader of world trade." (Asia alone, he says, will be worth "four, five, ten billions of dollars a year" to us if we have the guts to think in those terms.) We are also to provide the planet with technical and artistic skills, distributing "throughout the world" our "engineers, scientists, doctors, movie men, makers of entertainment, developers of airlines, builders of roads, teachers, educators." Third, we are to feed the world, sending our food surpluses "to the four corners of the globe as a free gift . . . to every man, woman, and child . . . who is really hungry." And, fourth, we are to be the "powerhouse of the ideals of Freedom and Justice," shipping these, too, to nations which at best have only a nodding acquaintance with a set of values "especially American."

Dorothy Thompson, in a column devoted to Mr. Luce, approves letter by letter his formula for "internationalism." "This will either be an American century," she says, "or it will be the beginning of the decline and fall of the American dream." "To Americanize enough of the world so that we shall have a climate and environment favorable to our growth is indeed a call to destiny." And she, too, wants the United States to spread reforms which will "bring about a reconstruction of a larger part of the world in harmony with freedom and with an honest promise of prosperity for all." But Miss Thompson is more explicit than Mr. Luce in her idea of what the call to destiny should mean. At last week's Town Hall meeting in Washington she frankly committed the future to the "English-speaking world." The Anglo-Saxon tradition, she said, had given mankind the words "freedom," "parliament," "congress," "suffrage," and "rule of the people." It also had produced the word "gentleman." And she developed the curious theory that whereas the "Germanic world of Hitler thinks that man

is determined by his blood," the English-speaking world "holds the idea that man is determined by his speech, by his mind, and by his soul . . . and the English language instead of being the great separator of men has been the great uniter of men." If on first reading this sentence seems to mean simply nothing, on second reading it quite clearly implies that people who speak English develop into a higher order of being than the poor devils who have been deprived of the master tongue. And this interpretation seems to be borne out by the three sentences which follow:

The triumph of the English-speaking world does not lie in its racial supremacy, or in its power to subject other races to it. It lies in its incomparable power to assimilate other nations and races to itself. The United States of America . . . is composed of millions who once spoke Italian, or German, or Magyar, or almost any other language.

In other words, the potency of the Anglo-Saxon tradition and the English language is sufficient to elevate to equality even those lesser breeds without the lingo—if only they come within range.

And so a super-race is being created which will rule the world-to-be. It's being created by a simple process of verbal osmosis; and no one can possibly say that this is not a nicer way to glory than Hitlers. Nicer, but still thoroughly dangerous and misleading.

The Luce-Thompson brand of imperialism should be investigated by the Federal Trade Commission and a cease-and-desist order issued before the public mind is poisoned. This program is magnanimous and benevolent, it is large and awe-inspiring. It is also smug, self-righteous, superior, and fatuously lacking in a decent regard for the susceptibilities of the rest of mankind. These particular qualities are the typical stigmata of the Anglo-Saxon in his role as imperialist. Miss Thompson and Mr. Luce are undoubtedly moved by the noblest aspirations, but so was Cecil Rhodes.

The whole idea of a future order dominated by an English-speaking union dominated by the United States is deceptive as well as dangerous. It creates a new myth of superiority to justify a national role which would be morally intolerable on any other score. But the myth is equally intolerable. Are nations relegated to a lower stratum likely to be better pleased because they are demoted on grounds of language and tradition rather than of blood? The fact is, no democratic basis for national dominance can be found in any formula, no matter how you slice it. It cannot be found because it does not exist. And a new order rooted in such a concept will blow over at the first breeze of revolution or else it will grow up into a greedy imperialism like those that preceded it. You don't nourish an honest internationalism with nonsense about "destiny" and "Anglo-Saxon traditions" and an "American century."

Oil Is Still Neutral

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, February 22

ONE need possess no inside information to see that war with Japan is a possibility. Gossip in circles on the Hill which are close to the army and navy say "within sixty days." Yet the same patriotic oil companies whose dollar-a-year men dominate the Defense Commission continue to send Japan the oil it needs. During the week ended February 15 we sent Japan 147,044 barrels of crude oil and 137,657 barrels of lubricating oils. We sent Britain 60,000 barrels of crude and 168,986 barrels of fuel oil the same week. Oil is still neutral.

When foreign countries, like domestic consumers, become annoyed with Standard Oil, the marines are called for. Otherwise business is business and a yen is as good as a dollar. For all the headlines about oil embargoes, American oil companies are enjoying a boom in exports to Japan. Here is the total value of our petroleum exports to Japan during the past four years:

1937	\$43,733,000
1938	51,191,000
1939	45,285,000
1940	53,133,000

Lest the reader think these exports have been slowing down I give the figures for 1940 by quarters:

1st quarter	\$ 8,584,000
2d quarter	7,717,000
3rd quarter	14,160,000
4th quarter	22,675,000

Oil exports to Japan are running at a rate almost double any year since the "China incident" began.

The figures for gasoline alone show that we sent Japan three times as much gasoline in 1940 as in any of the three preceding years. Aviation gas is a story in itself. The Commerce Department, at the request of the State Department, changed the name of aviation gas last September to "high-grade motor fuel in bulk or containers." This was done, I was told, "so the State Department wouldn't be embarrassed by writers and newspapermen." In 1939 Japan took 628,560 barrels of aviation gas. In 1940 it took 556,703 barrels of "high-grade motor fuel in bulk or containers." The Export Control division says no aviation gas of higher than 87.5 octane content is going to Japan and that this other gas is inferior gas, not suitable for modern planes. Some

authorities say flatly that it is good enough to be used in planes combatting an inferior air force like China's.

It is unfortunate that public attention has been centered on aviation gas, for war with Japan would be a naval war, and fuel oil runs battleships. Japan is being kept well supplied with fuel oil by American companies. Japan and Kwantung together (the State Department insists on separating them, although Japan's possession of Kwantung—the old Port Arthur region in South Manchuria—goes back to 1905) obtained almost 7,500,000 barrels of fuel oil from this country last year. Of basic importance, too, are Japan's heavy imports of crude oil, which amounted to more than 12,000,000 barrels in 1940. In December we exported 2,000,000 barrels of crude, of which half went to Canada, a fourth to Japan. Fuel oil and aviation gas are, of course, manufactured from crude oil. Japan has considerable facilities for refining and cracking, despite oil-company apologies to the contrary. Latest published figures, which are several years behind, show Japan's refining capacity to be 52,600 barrels a day, as compared with Greater Germany's 68,770. Her cracking capacity is 16,250 barrels a day, as compared with Greater Germany's 7,920 barrels a day.

Exports to Japan are not the only contributions of American oil companies to the Axis. There are two sources through which Germany and Italy might obtain American oil—Soviet Russia and Spain. The attention paid to these two loopholes is in inverse ratio to the amount of oil going to them. The dollar value of all petroleum products shipped from this country to the U.S.S.R. last year was \$1,850,000, as compared with the total of \$53,135,000 sent to Japan.

Joseph Curran, of the National Maritime Union, testifying before the Senate Foreign Relations committee on February 10 against the Lease-Lend bill, provided a glimpse of Spanish possibilities. He told of the recent trip of a Standard Oil tanker, the W. H. Libby. "Not long ago," he said, "she went to Cartagena, Colombia, and loaded up with oil she took to Freetown, West Africa, for British use. Then she hurried back to Carapito, Venezuela, for another load of oil which she took, this time, to Teneriffe in the Canary Islands, where the cargo was transferred to a German and Italian tanker. . . . The crew [of the W. H. Libby] found Teneriffe a busy port, with a steady stream of Standard Oil tankers pulling in and out. In the harbor when the W. H. Libby

left, were three German and five Italian tankers, the crew reported.

This part of Curran's testimony was given scant attention in the press, whether it was for or against the Lease-Lend bill. It would have been easy to refute it from Standard Oil and official records. I am told in the Commerce Department that oil exports from this country to Spain are now running about 300,000 barrels a month. But no one knows how much oil is going to the Spanish islands for transshipment to the Axis from American oil companies and refineries in Venezuela and the Dutch West Indies. Japan is obtaining large quantities from American and British oil companies in the Dutch East Indies.

The press has played up every story of Mexican oil going to Japan or the Axis powers but pays little attention to American oil bound for Japan and makes no attempt to investigate how much oil may be reaching Germany and Italy through Spain, although that would be a great story. Mexico has some excuse for her ship-

ments. Standard, Dutch Shell, and the State Department have been doing their best to enforce an unofficial embargo on Mexican oil, as I disclosed in *The Nation* last fall. The navy on instructions from the State Department chose to pay Standard Oil ten cents a barrel more for fuel oil rather than buy it from a small American company which manufactured the oil from Mexican crude. The only exception since made is for fuel oil manufactured by Harry Sinclair from crude given him by the Mexican government in settlement of his claim under expropriation.

Behind the scenes Mexico is now being blackjacked into an agreement whereby Standard and Shell will get back operating control of their properties. The American taxpayer will be asked to foot the bill in the shape of a loan or an appropriation paying off the exaggerated estimates the American oil companies place on the value of their Mexican properties. The excuse will be that we must keep Mexican oil out of Japanese hands. Why not start by keeping American oil out of Japanese hands?

The Nazi Plan for Negroes

BY HANS HABE

THE *Illustrierte Beobachter*, German illustrated weekly, has recently published a special issue devoted to the question of France's war guilt. This journal, known as the *I. B.*, is an official German weekly and an offshoot of the *Voelkische Beobachter*, in which Adolf Hitler has the controlling interest. Published by order of Propaganda Minister Goebbels, this special issue was the opening gun for an anti-Negro campaign which may surpass in violence even the Nazi persecution of the Jews. In recent weeks, the German press has devoted more and more attention to American Negroes; the three or four latest issues of the *Stürmer*, Hitler's anti-Semitic sheet, have been directed entirely against the Negroes. Julius Streicher, its editor, is the Fuehrer's only intimate friend, an "old militant," and the only party leader who may "thou" Hitler. For the last few weeks the *Stürmer* has maintained that the misfortunes befalling the Aryan nations were not caused by the Jews alone: both Jews and Negroes are guilty. In a speech delivered by Streicher before a gathering of some party friends in Nuremberg a few weeks ago, he solemnly declared: "The emancipation of the Jews and the liberation of the black slaves are the two crimes of civilization committed by the plutocrats in the last few centuries."

In June, 1940, a large part of the French army was surrounded, and entire Negro and Arab regiments fell

into German hands. In previous battles, in Belgium and Luxembourg, at Dunkerque, Sedan, Rethel, and Laon, black regiments had fought in the first lines; later, the retreat from the Maginot Line was covered mainly by Foreign Legion regiments and colonial troops. On June 22, when the army of the East—the last to make a stand—capitulated, the Germans captured entire units of the *Spahis* (colonial cavalry), the *Tirailleurs Africains* (African Sharpshooters), and innumerable groups of *I. C.* (*Infanterie Coloniale*). My own regiment, the "21-ème Régiment de Marche des Volontaires Etrangers" (21st Infantry of Foreign Volunteers), fought for weeks side by side with colonial regiments, and on June 21, when I was taken prisoner at the village of Charmes, many Negro troops were captured. In Bayon, the first village to which we were taken, we noticed that the Negroes were "expected." They were immediately separated from us and confined in a special fenced enclosure in the nearby camp of Villacourt. A few hours after our arrival, there was a rumor that all the Negroes had been executed by firing squads. We did not believe it. In our sector of the front alone several thousand Negroes were captured: of the two million French war prisoners, approximately 400,000 are colored. Not even the most sadistic imagination could picture such a blood bath. Yet numerous executions of Negroes did take place. These were "justified"—in so far as anyone bothered to justify

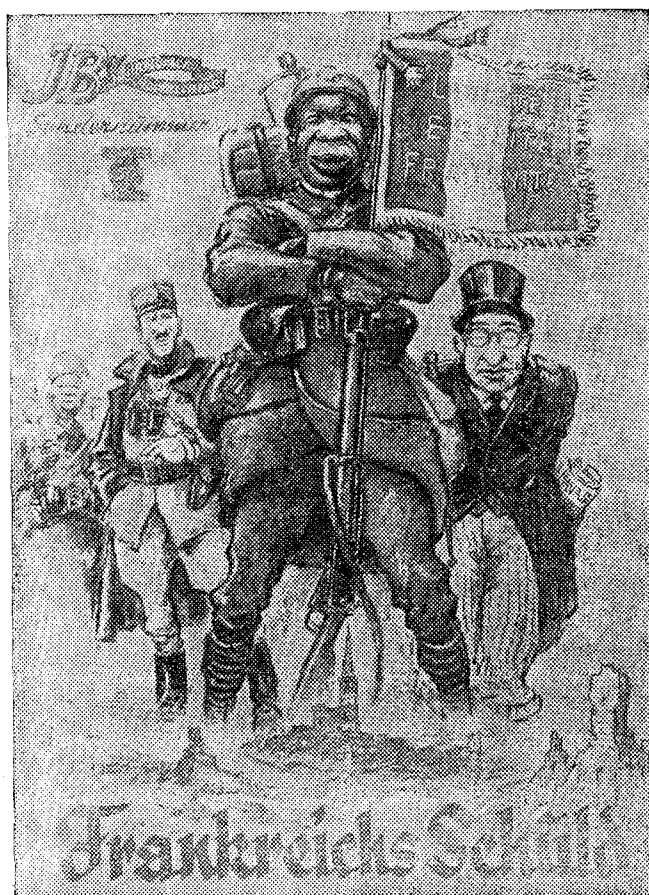
them—by the Negroes' sniping activities. To the Germans, every soldier who continued to fight after the military formation to which he belonged had surrendered, was a sniper. After the occupation of Bayon, they charged that Negroes, concealed in houses, had fired at "peaceful" German soldiers. Such individual fighters were treated not as soldiers but as "ordinary murderers."

We spent a few days in a state of paralyzed suspense. Our German guards told us that their officers were waiting for Berlin to instruct them what to do with the Negroes. I do not know whether or when such instructions came. I do know that on the morning of June 25, eighty Negroes and Arabs were selected among the 8,000 captured with us, taken to a wood near Villacourt, and shot. The Germans calmly told us that more would have been executed, but the authorities wanted to show special moderation. The eighty victims had been chosen at random. No one accused them of any specific crime: we were told that their execution was intended as an example for French snipers.

The Negroes were mistreated even during their removal—on foot, of course—to their places of internment. We marched, under German supervision, from forty to fifty kilometers daily, en route to our camps in Lunéville, Morhange, Dieuze, or Sarrebourg. The French civilian population of Lorraine helped us as much as they could. Our food supplies were soon exhausted; but at the roadside stood women and old men with large buckets of fresh water, comforting the marching thousands with cold drinks. The heat was unbearable, and we would have collapsed with fatigue without water. The German guards had apparently received instructions to bar the Negroes from this solace. Though we were allowed to drink in every village we passed, the Negroes were prodded on with bared bayonets.

This march through the villages was like running a ganlet. In every locality the Negroes were photographed dozens of times by the garrisons; in the larger towns, moving pictures were taken. As a rule, Negroes and whites marched in separate groups; but for the films they were forced to pose together. Again and again we heard German soldiers calling to our guards: "Haven't you shot them yet? What are you waiting for?"

We arrived at the camp in Dieuze. Here, as in all German prison camps, the Negroes were immediately isolated. Barbed wire was strung around their barracks. No white man was allowed to converse with a black. Our own shelters were miserable enough: those of the Negroes, crowded into a narrow space, were much worse. Our food, though insufficient, was princely in comparison with that given to the Negroes, who practically starved. Hundreds of them fell sick, but were not cared for. The Germans explained that the French would surely object to sharing their hospitals with them. Only much later were special infirmaries created for Negroes.



Cover: Negro issue of the *Illustrierte Beobachter*

German soldiers regarded the "camp within a camp" as a kind of zoo: they were constantly standing around it and taking pictures, usually through the barbed wire. To give the Negroes pieces of bread or to shake hands with them was strictly forbidden; a German corporal who became friendly with a Negro and was seen shaking hands with him was given fourteen days' house arrest.

Such breaches of discipline were the exception; for, curiously enough, the Germans' hatred of the colored people seemed deeply rooted. I was soon to understand why. Dozens of current German periodicals, pamphlets, and newspapers portrayed the Negroes as cannibals, and fed German soldiers with false statistics and pseudo-scientific data. One special issue of the *Racial-political Institute* explained that more than 21 per cent—that is, almost a quarter—of the French population was "tainted" with Negro blood. (In reality, not even one per cent of the French people are even partly Negro.) But the purpose of the propaganda was clear. As the Germans knew that the French army would send the well-trained and relatively well-equipped colonial troops to the front lines, they tried to convince the German soldiers that if they did not kill the Negroes they risked having their throats cut. Unfortunate black prisoners told me that the German soldiers fought them much more bitterly than they did us.

For some time it was possible to interpret these incidents as isolated phenomena. But it soon became evident

that this treatment of the Negroes was part of a diabolical plan. By order of the high command courses were organized to acquaint German soldiers and non-commissioned officers with the "tasks of Germany as a colonial empire." The whole curriculum was based on racial theories; Negroes from our camp were often taken to the lecture hall and exhibited as "specimens." As camp interpreter I had to accompany them, and this enabled me to attend the lectures and learn the German attitude toward the Negro problem. These courses, organized throughout German-held territory by the General Staff, stressed that intermixture with Negroes was one of the chief factors in the French defeat. Consequently, German policy toward the colonial peoples was to be inspired by the following principles:

(1) The colored people are an inferior race whose place must be fixed by the white "master race."

(2) The free choice of trades and professions by the Negroes leads to social assimilation, which in turn produces racial assimilation. The occupations of the black colonial peoples and their function in the labor process of the "new order" will therefore be entirely determined by the Germans.

(3) Intermarriage between whites and blacks or half-breeds and whites is forbidden. According to the Nuremberg racial laws, sexual intercourse between members of the two races is subject to sanctions including the death penalty.

(4) Persons belonging to a race other than the white Aryan race will have no active or passive electoral rights in the German colonial empire.

(5) Negroes are forbidden access to railways, street-cars, restaurants, motion pictures, and all public establishments. Special conveyances and public establishments will be created for them both in Germany and in occupied territories.

(6) Members of inferior races are not allowed to join the National Socialist Party or its subsidiary organizations. Nor can they serve in the army. They must, however, serve in labor battalions.

It is easy to imagine the fate of the colored people in a German colonial empire, if the General Staff of the German army is already disseminating these six commandments. Equal rights for Negroes are always described as a "democratic cancer." It goes without saying that the German lecturers always consider the Negroes of "all continents" as belonging to the same race.

There is one essential difference between Hitler's Negro policy and his Jewish policy. Whereas he makes no attempt to "win over" the Jews, whom he drives out of Germany or tortures in Germany, with regard to the Negroes he pursues a double objective: he wants both to enslave them and to win them over. This double attitude leads to contradictions which are more apparent

than real. One day a Senegalese Negro of the 14th Infantry Regiment, the bulk of which was interned in the camp of Dieuze (Department of Moselle), succeeded in slipping away from his barracks and entering the infirmary. The infirmary was the only real building in the camp. The Negro soldier climbed up to the fourth floor and threw himself out of the window. To my great surprise, Captain Brühl, the commander of our camp, ordered a solemn funeral to be held on the following day. On a rainy, August evening, the suicide was carried to his grave by twenty-five of his black comrades, accompanied by a German guard of honor of eleven men. A German lieutenant made a speech over the grave; the German soldiers fired a salute. The next day, the barbed wire around the Negro barracks was removed. It became clear that a new policy had been decreed. The Negroes were given one cake of soap for four men for six weeks, a privilege that was never to be granted to other prisoners. Their food was improved and they were permitted to attend the reading of the daily reports, from which they had been previously excluded. They were also permitted, for the first time, to read *L'Echo*, the daily French-language propaganda newspaper.

A few days later the explanation of this curious change was disclosed to me by German officers. With the shameless candor characteristic of contemporary Germans, Captain von Brühl, the commander of our camp, told me:

"Yesterday we received new instructions. From now on Germany will pursue a colonial policy!"

Overnight the whole racial principle appeared to have been thrown overboard. Flogging was replaced by pampering. And when a cold wave swept Germany, many thousands of Negroes interned in the great camp of Kassel, in the extreme north of Germany, were brought back to occupied France because they could not bear the cold and were dying by the hundreds.

But the policy of kindness was as short-lived as it was surprising. From August to October the Negroes were pampered, but after mid-October they were again deprived of all privileges and relegated to an infernal ghetto within the camp. During the "fat weeks" they alone among the prisoners were permitted a weekly walk in the village. After the new orders came through, they were not even allowed to use the yard in the daytime: between six and seven in the evening they were marched around, and that was their only outing. It goes without saying that the new severities were "justified" by the usual fairy-tales: we were told that "somewhere in Germany" a Negro prisoner had raped a German girl.

This wavering between mild treatment and extremes of cruelty had definite psychological causes. On the one hand, the German people had to be propagandized with regard to the Negro question. It had to be made clear to the Germans of the twentieth century that the age of slavery had returned; that they, the master race, had the

power of life and death over the Negroes. At the same time the Germans had to understand that the Negro—in contrast to the Jew—was not his enemy, but only his slave. And the Negro was made to realize—through constant reminders—that the German, whenever he pleases, can deprive him of all right to live, but does not necessarily hate him; that the German is not his enemy, but only his master.

If Hitler is to turn the Negroes into loyal, devoted, and even grateful servants of their Prussian masters, it is necessary not only to preserve their physical strength, but also to weaken their psychological resistance. Otherwise their efficiency as laborers would be impaired. They must be convinced that the Germans are *good* masters, who do not abuse their "rights," and can make their slaves happy.

The weaknesses of this policy are evident at once. Ideologically, Hitler is forced to replace his clear-cut distinction between the white Aryans and all other races by a whole hierarchy of races. This creates complications for

his propaganda. How can the Germans be convinced that the Jewish race is white but inferior, the Negro race inferior but colored, and the yellow race colored but equal? Similarly, the attempt to reduce the Negroes to slavery is utterly incompatible with the attempt to win their good will. Hitler's hopes in this respect are based on an oversimplified psychology. He thinks that the Negroes will be grateful for not being made to serve in the army, as in France, where they had to take eighteen months of regular military training and in addition were always used for the most dangerous wartime duties. But the Negroes distrust Hitler's pacifism and they prefer military training to forced labor without wages.

Hitler has had no luck so far with the Negroes interned in his camps—the camps that he has called "the laboratories of his future policy." It is true that French colonial policy during the war was a sad failure, and that the black soldiers were often treated like cannon fodder; but, compared to Hitler's, France's colonial policy was understanding and humane.

Chile Will Decide

BY SAMUEL GUY INMAN

ON March 2 the Republic of Chile will hold a national election which will determine the future of the New Deal that was launched in that country at the end of 1938. The Chilean liberals, under President Pedro Aguirre Cerda, will try to continue their bloodless revolution in the face of bitter and perhaps violent opposition from the near-fascists on the right, who have threatened to boycott the coming election, and from the Communists on the left. The task of keeping a balance between hostile forces while pushing ahead with social reform is always difficult, and especially so when a country has other and equally pressing problems to solve. Chile not only must find its way out of an internal economic crisis but make the adjustments necessary to cooperate with the United States and other American republics for hemisphere defense.

When Aguirre became the reform candidate for President in 1938, the Communists were among the small radical groups that offered him active support. Anti-fascist and full of praise for democracy, and insisting they wanted none of the spoils of office, the Communists were accepted almost without question by Chilean progressives. Together with the largest party, the Radicals (representing middle-class liberals), the Socialist Party (including small farmers and workers), the Democrats, and the Popular Party, the Communists formed the Popular Front, and, though only 50,000 strong, became its

most aggressive backers. Their loyalty lasted until the fall of 1939 and the signing of the Russo-German pact. Then, like Communists all over the world, they turned on their liberal collaborators and refused cooperation on any but their own terms. Since that time the friction in Chile has increased to such an extent that a bill to outlaw the Communist Party recently passed the Chamber of Deputies. Despite some Popular Front support, it was vetoed by the President.

Aguirre's opponent was Gustavo Ross, a conservative who frankly represented the great landowning class, which is opposed to any real social reform. The Popular Front won the presidency by only about one thousand votes. The rightists, however, retained, and still retain, a majority in the legislature. With this power they have persistently opposed every reform the new administration has sought to accomplish. They have also fought the government through the landholders' *Sociedad Nacional de Agricultores*, the political equivalent of America's National Association of Manufacturers and the economic and industrial opponent of labor's *Confederación de Trabajadores*.

Aguirre's more conservative supporters have constantly urged him to go slowly with his reform program and to break away from the extreme left. To force the President's hand, the head of the Radical Party (actually the least radical in the government) made a private arrange-

ment to align his party with the rightists. It was then pointed out to Aguirre that without the Radicals' support, and with only the Communists and the Socialists backing him, he could not hope to govern. When that argument failed to influence him, an artificial break with Franco Spain was created as a sign of what might happen if the other European dictators showed displeasure with Chile. None of these tricks worked, and the Radical Party chief, Pedro Castelblanco, was compelled to break off his alliance with the Right. To placate both sides, the President eased out of his cabinet the leftist Minister of the Interior, Humberto Alvarez, who had banned two conservative newspapers because they criticized the administration, and the conservative Minister of Finance Cristobal Saenz, a close friend of the large landholders.

When the Communists were giving support to the Popular Front, one of their chief enthusiasms was President Roosevelt's Latin-American policy. Now, however, when the Good Neighbor policy in action means defense against Hitler, they have decided that it is just another

form of Yankee imperialism. Their most forthright attack on hemisphere defense took the form of an accusation against Minister of Trade Oscar Schnake, a brilliant young socialist who represented Chile at the Havana conference, and who recently has been acting as a special economic emissary to Washington. They accused him of bartering away his country's sovereignty for commercial advantages. Actually, although Schnake has accomplished nothing that promises completely to solve Chile's economic difficulties, he has arranged for the purchase by the United States of large amounts of Chile's copper, nitrate, and other defense materials. He has also obtained a loan of \$5,000,000 to cover the deficit of the Exchange Control Commission. These deals were the basis of the Communist charges. Incensed by their unfairness, Schnake, in a two-hour speech before the Socialist Party on December 14, declared it was no longer possible for Socialists and Communists to work together. His attitude no doubt played a considerable part in the recent Socialist declaration of non-cooperation with the Communists and in the vote of the Chamber of Deputies to outlaw the Communist Party.

Although Chile is heading toward a political crisis, the masses of the people constitute a deep reservoir of internal strength. Unlike an O. Henry Latin-American republic, the country is not a land of frequent revolutions. During its first century of independence, it had only one major political disturbance—a civil war in 1891 over the respective constitutional powers of the executive and the legislature. A large group of socially minded leaders, statesmen, and educators has given Chile the most progressive legislation of any country in this hemisphere. There are more foreign students in its universities, and more liberals seeking asylum from other countries than anywhere else in South America. Women have more rights there than elsewhere in Latin America. Señora Schnake, wife of the Minister of Trade, was for a time the mayor of a district in Santiago and Señora Amanda Labarca headed the national university's Commission on Intellectual Exchange.

Although fundamental change is long overdue in Chile, the present government has done a great deal within the framework of the present social order to rout the "hundred families." Reform had to wait until the victims of the earthquake that came a month after Aguirre's inauguration, were rehabilitated. That task completed, the President went to work on the most urgent economic problems. By decree he lowered the price of bread from nine cents to five. To compensate the farmers he lowered freight rates on wheat, bought large quantities of it with government funds, and extended credit to buyers of fertilizers. Pawn-shops were forced to return some 6,000 sewing-machines and other items that the poor had pledged for food. Schools were enlarged. The number of students rose from the 510,167

The New Order

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

"Our German heroes rushed to save you,
Then don't forget the aid we gave you,
Since if you do you're bound to know remorse;
So let our boys feel quite at home
Just as their forebears did in Rome—
I mean the Goths and Visigoths, of course."
"Yes, Adolf," said Benito.

"Your Verdi's far too sweet and mellow;
Our Wagner is the only fellow
Whose operas in future may be played.
And though your art is not as fine
As that produced above the Rhine,
We'll give you Prussian masterworks in trade."
"Nice, Adolf," chirped Benito.

"The German, not the Roman eagle,
Henceforward shall alone be legal,
The swastika must sanctify your flag.
As for your king, perhaps we'll plan
To send him somewhere, say, Japan;
His title, there, might prove a useful tag."
"Fine, Adolf!" cried Benito.

"You'll have to change your mode of dining;
Spaghetti is—well, unrefining,
Chianti gives less nourishment than beer.
Last, 'Duce' is a sloppy word,
So 'Fuehrer' is the term preferred.
I trust I make my meaning fairly clear?"
"Quite, Adolf," groaned Benito.

registered in 1936 to 674,529. Laws providing minimum-wage standards, preventive medicine for workers, and housing projects passed the Chamber of Deputies. By now every wage-earner has social insurance guaranteeing medical care, old-age pensions, and other services which probably place Chile ahead of any other country in the world, so far as legislation of this sort is concerned. It has one of the few municipally-owned pasteurization plants in existence, and this is largely responsible for the government's order to sell milk to the poor at less than three cents a quart, which is extraordinarily little compared with prices elsewhere.

The industrial development of the last two years has brought a small revival of Chile's merchant marine. Modern boats now connect Valparaiso and New York. The railroads, government-owned, have been modernized

by electrification and new rolling stock, and running times reduced considerably. Many native enterprises have been promoted to take the place of the nitrate business, once the chief industry but now moribund.

But there is still plenty to be done in Chile, and the March elections will have a profound effect on the country's future. If the right is defeated a new alignment will come, probably in the form of a center coalition leaning to the left. The Communists have been retained by the President's veto, an action probably taken because of their extraordinary energy as campaigners, but chances are good that after the election they will be almost completely shorn of influence within the Popular Front. If the right wins, Chile's New Deal is over and fascism scores a victory in this hemisphere. But Chile's liberals regard that as a highly unlikely outcome.

Sports and Defense

BY CURT RIESS

THIS war is a war of machines; or so, at least, the experts insist. And for once events seem to confirm their opinion. It was doubtless the superiority of the German war machine that made possible all the German victories, both the bloody ones and the earlier, bloodless ones. The Poles, the Dutch, the Belgians, and the French were defeated because they didn't have weapons equal to those of the Germans. So we have been saying all along. And from the time it was generally conceded that we too had to be prepared, there has been talk of nothing but machines of war—the building of which seemed to be preparedness enough.

It isn't enough, of course.

The English say, "Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton." The sentiment is valid in this war too—and in any war. Wars are always waged with men as well as weapons. Men must have a certain minimum fitness, or the finest bombing planes and tanks won't help.

It is strange that the United States of all countries should have forgotten this. For in the first World War the American troops demonstrated the importance of their athletic training for practical warfare. Half of the men in the famous 69th Regiment were New York public-school athletes. Nearly a hundred thousand—98,785 to be exact—of the volunteers from New York had participated in the activities of the Public School Athletic League. During the war itself, American Y. M. C. A. instructors helped direct the athletic training of soldiers here and in France. These instructors fostered sports that would improve the alertness, skill, initiative, and efficiency of their men. It was soon discovered that sports

did more than stimulate fitness and morale; they improved the technique of the troops. It was found, for instance, that boxers could handle bayonets skilfully and that baseball players could throw hand grenades with deadly aim.

Only after the draft act of 1940 was passed was it recalled that human fitness is a decisive factor in building a defense machine, and that sports are a decisive factor in acquiring fitness. Ironically enough, promoters of professional sports were the first who publicly connected sports and defense. They didn't begin propaganda for sports as an integral part of the defense program. They simply voiced their fears. They were afraid that their highly paid and highly profitable boxers, baseball players, and football players might be drafted.

However, things began to happen. The War Department ordered a million dollars' worth of sports equipment and set aside \$2,800,000 for sports activities in general. Gene Tunney was called upon by the navy to coordinate physical education. Dr. W. M. Lewis, president of Lafayette College, made a speech urging colleges and universities to make their sports facilities available to men of draft age. There were other speeches and suggestions. D. Benedetto, president of the Amateur Athletic Union, advocated doubling the sports activities organized and controlled by the A. A. U. as "the democratic answer to the dictators' athletic program." While Mr. Benedetto's recommendation is by no means the whole answer, he is undoubtedly on safe ground in asserting that the dictators have a program that calls for counteractivity.

Let us look for a moment at the athletic programs of the dictators.

It wasn't Hitler who started using sports as a preparation for war in Germany. It was most probably General Ludendorff. In October, 1914, a proclamation was read in all German public schools, ordering that five minutes of each recess period be devoted to running practice. The General Staff had decided that one of the reasons for the defeat on the Marne had been the inability of the German soldier to retreat fast enough. German schoolboys now had seven hours of gymnastics weekly, instead of two, as before. In 1915 the *Jugendkompagnien*, or youth squads, were founded, with compulsory participation for every boy over sixteen. The boys received military training camouflaged under the terms of a secret decree that said, "Care must be taken that these exercises appear athletic in character."

After the war of 1914-18, when the Weimar Republic attempted to purge gymnastics of militarism, the embittered former army officers organized youth leagues for *Gelaendesport* (open air athletics) with "political enlightenment" thrown in for good measure. Their *Nationale Kampfspiele* were not games but military exercises. The secret Free Corps, which went in for political assassination, developed logically out of them. Another of their products was the SA of the National Socialist Party. The SA (*Sport-Abteilung*) was founded in 1921 and proclaimed as "A special party section for gymnastics and sports." It grew into the notorious *Sturm-Abteilung*, or Storm troops, thus completing a cycle; sports, introduced to win the war, became a screen behind which Hitler prepared for the next war.

When the Nazis came to power, one of their first acts was to coordinate sports. A Sportsfuehrer was appointed. Every German must be fit to fight and must keep in shape. The Hitler Youth began playing rather curious games. They practiced marching, digging trenches, and crawling under barbed wire, and using bayonets. The students and the numerous workers' organizations, as well as the SA and the SS (*Schutz Staffel*), had to practice shooting, marching, and gliding.

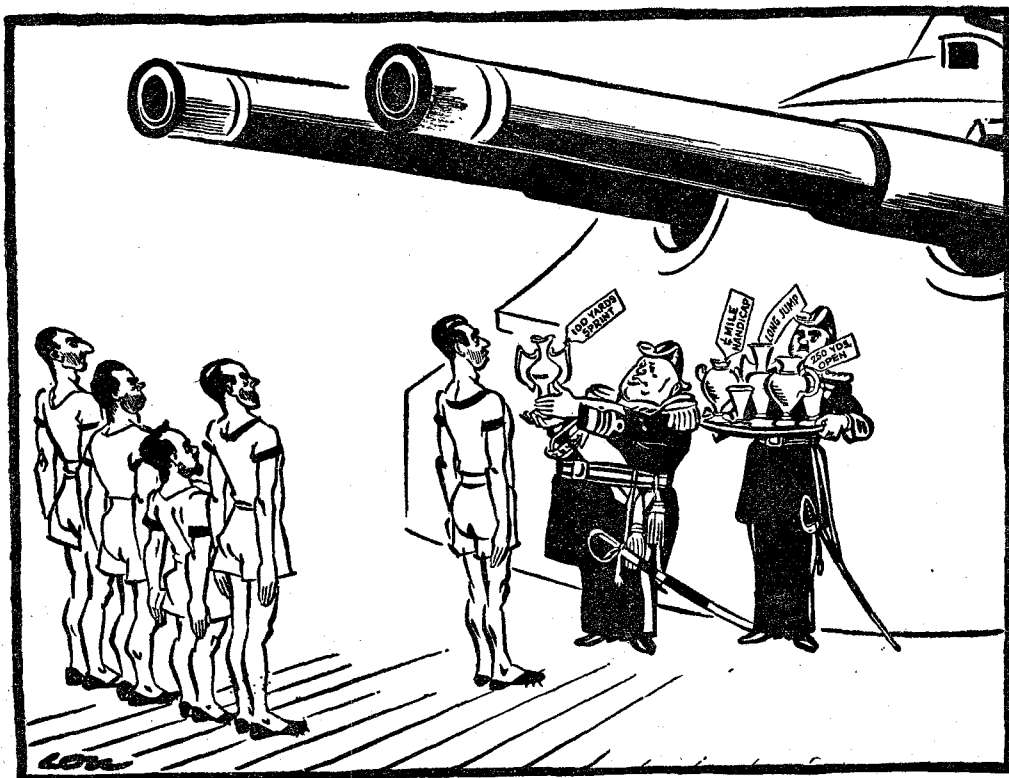
When Hitler made sport a training school for his army, he borrowed his ideas partly from the old German

General Staff and partly from Stalin. Since 1930 there have been no private sports at all in Russia. Sport is a state function, directed by the Council for Physical Education, and a tremendous advance has been made. In 1920 the very word "sports" was almost unknown in Russia. In 1934—no figures have been published since—there were more than 4,000 sports grounds and stadiums, more than 2,000 indoor arenas; there were more than 8,000,000 active, organized athletes. And 100,000,000 roubles a year was spent on their activities. But of course it wasn't sport for sport's sake. Some of the "sports" practiced were: hand-grenade throwing, swimming fifty meters with a rifle, shooting, reading maps.

The German use of sports as a preparation for war was even more thorough than the Russian and on a greater scale. The Nazis admitted it openly. Shortly before the 1936 Olympic Games, Hermann Teske, sports instructor at the Zossen military school near Berlin, published a pamphlet in which he said: "All German sport must have a purpose. The goal of physical training is readiness for defense."

In the United States sports are taken seriously, probably too seriously. We know how to train our athletes. Our colleges and even our public schools are sometimes regular training camps. We want victories, and we get them. But what do these victories mean in the light of our defense preparations?

We like to think of ourselves as the leading sports nation in the world. But are we? We hold most of the records, but records aren't everything. When it comes to sports facilities, the Germans appear to be at least our equals, in proportion to their population.



It is almost impossible to get anywhere by comparing the sports activities of different nations. Most nations, including ours, have never collected definite figures on active sports participants. And almost every nation stresses different sports. As for sports facilities, it is difficult to coordinate the various statistics. Playing fields and swimming pools can be of varying sizes and capacities. For purposes of reaching an approximate index, however, comparative sports facilities may be expressed in terms of the number of athletes using a hypothetical field of a given size. Such a playing field would be used:

In the United States by.....	100	athletes
In Germany by.....	100	"
In England by.....	160	"
In Russia by.....	230	"
In France by	410	"

While these figures show that American sports facilities are sufficient to train the same percentage of the athletic population as was trained in Germany before the war, Germany completely outclasses us when it comes to sports that are a direct preparation for war. For example, affiliated with the National Rifle Association of America are some 3,300 rifle clubs with a membership of about 300,000. The greater part of them, moreover, use the small-bore non-military rifle. In Germany, with half our population, there are 13,942 clubs with a membership of 419,569. There are 732 practice fields for gliding in Germany, and thousands of German youths participated in this sport which, until a short time ago, was not even considered a sport in the United States. And in such splendid activities as crawling under barbed wire and digging trenches, we have no competition to offer at all.

There are, of course, other important points. In the first place, with twice the population our potential sports activity is much greater than Germany's, and in the end, it is always a question of potential rather than of actual power. If we consider men up to twenty-four years of age as active athletes, and examine the population according to age groups, we find that in the United States 18 per cent of the population could be mobilized as athletes while in Germany before the war only 10 per cent were available.

Of even more decisive importance are the conflicting basic ideas on which the sports of the two countries are founded. Something essential to fitness may be acquired through sports only if they are devoted to the development of the individual character, rather than to the perfection of strength; to the creation of initiative rather than to the creation of blind and unreasoning obedience. The Finns have the idea. They call it *sisu*—an untranslatable word expressing will and tenacious endurance until victory. The French had it; they called it *morale*. The English have it, of course, but they have no word for it. We have it too—we call it guts.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Steel Capacity

WHAT has happened to the report on the steel industry by Mr. Gano Dunn? Well-known industrial expert and president of the J. G. White Engineering Company, Mr. Dunn was asked to survey the national capacity for steel production in the light of demands created by the defense program. The intent was to clear up the dispute between the leaders of the steel industry, who declared that the existing plant could fill all needs, and independent economists, who urged that large and immediate expansion was essential if a steel shortage was to be avoided.

Six weeks ago Mr. Roosevelt told reporters that he was expecting this report immediately. A week or two later Mr. Dunn fell ill. The result was that his report is still "on order" and will probably not reach the White House before the end of this month. It is doubtful if this delay has disturbed the steel industry, for it has had a chance to forestall Mr. Dunn's expected recommendations for expansion with a revised construction program of its own. According to the *Wall Street Journal* of February 20, plans are now being submitted to defense officials for additions to plant which, together with schemes already announced, would mean an enlargement in ingot capacity of some 5,000,000 tons. This is far below estimates of likely requirements made by good authorities but the steel industry evidently hopes it will prove sufficient to ward off further demands.

For many months now, leading steel executives have been fighting a rearguard action against the advocates of greater production. They have insisted that the industry is able to meet all likely demands on it and have argued that temporary shortages which may occur during the emergency should be overcome by rationing civilian consumption. This would be far better, they imply, than the construction of new plants which would become redundant once the defense program was completed. For they are convinced that a post-war depression is inevitable and they fear that, as demand recedes, the availability of new and efficient productive capacity may break down the gentlemanly abstention from price competition which has long been characteristic of their industry.

The heavy guns of steel really went into action after the National Resources Planning Board published a report, summarized in this column last December 21, suggesting a minimum increase in ingot capacity of 15.4 million tons. Mr. Ernest T. Weir, chairman of the National Steel Corporation declared: "Everyone's getting all the steel they want and will continue to do so," and he estimated defense and war export orders in the current year at not more than 13,000,000 tons, leaving a potential 72,000,000 tons for normal domestic consumption. Mr. Girdler of Republic Steel and Mr. Olds of United States Steel have also deprecated talk of shortages, although they both estimated defense and export requirements at a rather higher figure than did Mr. Weir.

Such protestations led to the shelving of a report by Dr.

Melvin de Chazeau, Defense Commission economist, who is believed to have recommended an expansion of between eight and ten million tons in ingot capacity, and the appointment of Mr. Dunn to undertake a new investigation. Meanwhile, however, the steel industry began to have some doubts about its own claim that facilities were ample, for one company after another announced development schemes. National Steel proposed to add 240,000 tons to its ingot capacity and to increase its output of pig-iron and coke. Columbia Steel, Pacific Coast subsidiary of United States Steel, scheduled expenditure of \$5,000,000 on additional steel-making and finishing mills. Then the American Rolling Mill Company, whose president Charles R. Hook had stated in December that the industry could meet all demands for the next three years with its existing capacity, obtained a \$12,000,000 loan from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for the construction of an entirely new plant in Texas. Not long after, the same concern announced it was starting work on a giant blast furnace at Ashland, Kentucky, with a daily output of 1,000 tons of pig-iron.

These and other schemes will boost annual steel-making capacity by around 2,500,000, or about 3 per cent. This is a long way behind the estimates of needs which I have quoted but it seems at least an acknowledgment that the industry must expand in order to meet potential demands. Unfortunately, this acknowledgment comes nearly six months after "outsiders" began to agitate for increased production; and the congestion of orders then foretold has become a fact.

For the whole of 1940 the rate of steel production averaged slightly over 80 per cent of capacity but in the fourth quarter it was more than 90 per cent. In each of the first six weeks of this year an average of more than 96 per cent was maintained while in the seventh there was a fall to 94.6, partly attributed to strikes, but also resulting from the withdrawal of some furnaces for repairs. Probably the average will be quickly restored but it is doubtful if much better than 96 per cent can be maintained over a long period.

Yet with the steel industry working almost at capacity it is unable to keep pace with demand. Consumers are placing orders for delivery in the third and even in the fourth quarter and, according to the *Iron Age*, some inquiries show an astonishing gain over normal takings. In such cases, it is said, steel companies are insisting that the amounts be scaled down and it may be that some users of steel are inflating inventories in order not to be caught short of material if priorities are enforced later. Nevertheless, the tremendous stimulus given to industries of all kinds by the increased purchasing power which the defense program has released has clearly swollen legitimate demands for steel. The railroads, the utilities, the construction industry, and the automobile industry are now consuming steel in far greater quantities than a year ago and so are a host of lesser industries. At the same time defense needs continue to grow while British orders, which have slackened a little, are expected to expand rapidly once the Lease-Lend bill has passed.

In short, there is every sign that the steel industry is already tottering under the strain of the defense program. Yet its leaders, slowly awakening to the situation, have only begun to tinker with the problem of expansion. We have the right to ask them for less complacency and more foresight.

In the Wind

WHEN GREEK TROOPS took Koritza, it was widely reported in the American press that captured Fascist soldiers sang *Bandiera Rossa*, the Italian revolutionary anthem. That story did not make the British press for some weeks after. A labor paper picked it up from the American Socialist *Call*. *Left*, a magazine to which members of many liberal and radical groups in Britain contribute, commented: "If the report is true, this is one of the biggest events the war has yet produced."

SUBURBIA. A Negro state senator from Chicago has introduced a bill in the Illinois legislature to prohibit racial discrimination in the renting and selling of property. It is being fought by Chicago realtors and suburbanites as an infringement of the Bill of Rights. . . . In Chatham, New Jersey, a fight over the high rate of garbage removal is being waged. A citizen who stands for high garbage-removal rates wrote to the *Chatham Press*: "Let's keep our costs to live high enough so that people from Jersey City cannot afford to live here."

SCANDINAVIAN ENTERTAINMENT: Norwegian moviegoers are so tired of Nazi propaganda films that they frequently break up the shows with hissing and hooting. To stop these demonstrations the Quisling authorities have issued orders for conduct in movie houses. Now forbidden are: "laughter, meaningless applause, stamping with the feet, whistling, coughing, and clearing the throat." . . . A show in a Copenhagen theater included a sketch about a visiting "mother-in-law from Tyrol Street," who was a nagging, domineering old lady. Toward the close of the act she has so unnerved the family that they wish to see "the aunt from England Street."

THE FORD Sunday Evening Hour recently closed with a hymn to the tune of Onward Christian Soldiers, which contained the words "Hail to the hero workers, hail to the noble workers."

A NEWARK newspaper listed a broadcast in which Mayor LaGuardia and Mrs. J. Borden Harriman took part as sponsored by the Committee to Defeat America by Aiding the Allies.

A YEAR AGO seventy-two men were killed in a mine disaster at Willow Grove, Ohio. An inquiry into the causes of the disaster was ordered by state officials. A report was made, but the United Mine Workers has not been able to obtain a copy. The Hanna Coal Company, operators of the mine in which the accident occurred, secured a restraining order from the court expressly forbidding the stenographers taking testimony to furnish the union with a copy.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

The New Dispossessed

THE defense program, we hear it said, does not move fast enough. Maybe not. But some comparison of the rate of defense with the pace of social progress may be gained from the fact that defense has already dispossessed, in less than a year, more than half as many farmers as have been helped to the acquisition of land by the Bankhead-Jones Tenant Purchase program in three years of operation.

The crowding in cities where arms factories and camps for armies are growing is dramatic. But what defense means in the country is the emptying of whole areas, the uprooting of thousands of families, to make room for camp sites, for safety belts around TNT plants, for bombing and artillery ranges. Of course, the farmers are paid for the land. Sometimes they get fancy prices. But by no means all farmers are landowners. Indeed, a very large proportion of those displaced will be tenants, farm laborers, and "owners" whose equities in their properties are so small that they will not receive enough money from the sale to buy adequate farms elsewhere.

The situation is not restricted to any one area. At the army's new anti-aircraft training base near Hinesville, Georgia, between 1,200 and 1,500 families are being forced to find other homes. Their displacement is immediate and permanent. There is no employment boom in the area. They are turned out in a South where there are already more farm people than the land can support. Where will they find farms? At Camp Robinson, near Little Rock, Arkansas, the army is not buying but leasing the land, and even at generous leases the sums paid for the first years of occupancy have been insufficient to satisfy the owners of the many small farms of from three to twenty acres, who must now find new places to live.

Most of the families in the rich trucking country around Milan, Tennessee, who will be moved off the farms near the new shell-loading plant operated by Procter and Gamble, the soapmakers, are tenants. And tenants turned loose in the South today, when world markets are shut against cotton, are turned completely loose—and homeless. The farmers have been grumbling loudly in Des Moines County, Iowa, near Burlington, over prices paid, and fees, to real estate men, but there are a good many among them, tenants and laborers, who have little concern with the prices paid. About all they get is the disruption of their lives by the need for an

empty area around a TNT plant. The safety that belt insures does not create security for them.

Moving from the land is a more complicated business than moving from a house. One farmer, affected by the TNT plant and the bag-loading plant in Will County, Illinois, is a dairyman in the Chicago milkshed. He has to stay in the area to keep his business. Corn land would not serve his set-up for farming. Other men, even with government checks for their farms in their pockets, are not finding it easy to locate good family-size farms in the Middle West. Some, of course, are lucky; one small farmer in Iowa turned his check into groceries and is making a small fortune selling to construction workers building the explosives plant. Others dump their equipment and stock on the market. And sometimes the displacement is progressive as men seeking farms push out those already on them and put them on the roads too.

Fortunately, the government is not unaware of the situation it is creating. The army in some cases was slow to use the facilities of existing government agencies equipped to help deal with the situation. Real-estate dealers got into the business before the army more wisely turned to the Soil Conservation Service which had trained appraisers for help in acquiring land. The Farm Security Administration—in some cases also tardily—has come into the picture to try to minimize the human havoc caused by the imperative necessities of defense. In a few areas construction work has made help seem for the time being unnecessary as displaced farmers, forgetting farming, have begun, at defense wages, to hammer and saw. In other places, however, such work merely serves to postpone the evil day of farmer landlessness.

Nobody yet seems to know the number of farm families defense will dispossess. But it has become apparent that a large proportion are members of the great army of the country poor. Already the Farm Security Administration is estimating that it will need to assist from 5,000 to 8,000 families in finding new locations on the American land. That does not seem many people in a country talking of armed forces in terms of billions of dollars and millions of men. It does not seem large as WPA and other agencies count the needy. But in the past three years (since July 1, 1937), the Farm Security Administration, working in terms of the farmer's American dream, has lent money to help only 12,000 tenants on the way to ownership. Measured by that gain, the present swift dispossession is dramatic and disturbing.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Thou Tellest Me, Comrade

I HAVE seldom objected to any of Ernest Hemingway's literary affections, purely literary, you understand me—that is the plane the discussion is being conducted on—but often I have felt I had a grievance and have done nothing about it except to have remorse and a bad feeling generally for my Ernesto, my *camarado*, and myself. Now however is one time that I must put in a few words, perhaps a dying few words if they reach me first with the little *maquina*, anyhow a few bold hot words, those that well up hot like stomach sickness in the throat of the *matador de los toros* as he pushes back the body of the bull and stands up satisfied.

This is it, my little *camarero*. This is it, see thee, and lie still till one has finished talking, of a politeness. *Qué va*.

When one writes a book about Spain, one puts away grandfather's saber and one just writes what one has in one's guts, supposing one has any or anything in them anyhow. Then the trouble begins. There are those Spaniards. They cannot talk like us. They cannot even talk like Big Two-Syllabled Nick, he of the river. They cannot say "Hi, Pedro," or even "Hi, Pete."

"Hi, Joao," or even "Hi, Joe."

"How do you feel, boy? Ready to fight? You look pretty good to me."

"Sure thing, Joe. Christ, I never felt better; I'll kill him."

No, that is how they cannot say, because they are Spaniards and Spaniards are not Americans and some would say they are not even ordinary people as you and I would think of ordinary people, because they are made of iron inside mixed up with their flesh and it is not straight iron or even a No. 2 iron but twisted by the fires that have burned in them for so long. So, you understand, little rabbit, you must make a queer language for them. You must make a language that they have never spoken, that they would not even recognize if it was translated straight back to them. It must be queer. It must be strong. It must be much horse.

So then.

So then you must make them talk broken English. *Qué va*. Remember the Count de Ha Ha in the old Chaplin funnies? Well, they have to talk as queer as he looked, so you can be sure they are foreign, so you will understand it is Spain and Spanish men and women and the Spanish language. When they know you well or when they are the simple, straight workers and peasants, the good folks, the Spaniards say Thou and Thee. In Spanish it sounds straight and simple, and usually when they are polite they say Your Honor which is *Usted*. But when they do say Thou and Thee, it doesn't sound so unprintably queer as it does in English so that a man cannot breathe for the pronouns splashing in his face and perhaps knocking his teeth out. It is a kind of Spanish. It is a bloody awful kind of unspeakable Spanish. But it sounds strange and kind of noble and better than the monosyllabic fishermen in Florida and the unsatisfactory wives in Kenya and the moronic unprintables in other stories. Better than

them, *sangre de cabrón*. Maybe poetic and sagalike. *Qué va*. *Que vá* in the beer of thy brother.

So that is decided. We got to turn the whole unspeakable Spanish colloquial speech into a far more unspeakable American language. We got to write pidgin Spanish and pidgin American so the customers will understand every minute it is Spanish. We got to write "You have to stand it. *Hay que aguantarse*," even when your throat swells so you can't get both clichés over at once, and the same simplicity doubled and redoubled. We got to say "Thank thee very much," as if we were Quakers, or maybe kids in Sunday school acting the life of Joshua. We got to call an ordinary officer first a lieutenant-colonel, as we will all of us maybe be calling him soon enough, and then because the right music is playing and the right fists are clenched we got to call him the *teniente-coronel*, as if he were a steam yacht off Cuba or a rare tropical butterfly. Or even a precious little dream rabbit, as Wodehouse, the obscenity son of an unnameable *Inglés*, writes in his books.

But one thing I will say. There isn't much time. They are coming, dost thou hear, friend? They are getting nearer, the ineffables of indescribables. There is maybe time to say this, rabbit. Only this, before the earth moves and the whole damn thing gets too much for us. Come on. It is already page 499.

Thank God, my little cabbage, that this war was in Spain only, in the simple land of the good tough people, and was not a world war like nowadays. Or else we would have to have a hundred per cent foreign-language novel about international resistance to the fascist obscenities unprintables. Like this, he thought with the rabbit suddenly cold in his stomach. Like this, what thinkest thou. Like this, then, this this this.

"*Bon soir, mon petit canard*. Good evening, my little duck," said the *caporal*. He had cheekbones as wide as a bull's buttocks. "Wouldst thou that one might save oneself out of this obscenity ineffable, is it not?"

"*Guten Abend, mein Köppli*," said the new private. "Can They hear them making a big crash-make tonight, not true?"

The third one spat. "One jolly well has to grin and bear it, old top, don't you know, 'pon my word?" He was English, that one. The others smelt of death. He smelt of beer.

A shell swung past them and missed. Dope.

"Did They hear that, then?" said the new private. "Thunderweather, that was close, not true?"

The next one didn't miss.

Spike thought he would try to get back. Something he heard translated itself into "*Vámonos, tovarischchi*." It was time to be going. He picked up his *cojones*. But it was already too late, for he felt a short hard shock, and then came another stream of language, more difficult this time, and more far away, *hung wee ti lo* and then *tê kivi teraré teraró*, and after that the lovely horrible labyrinths and soon the short sharp shock again and at last finis but finis and fin and fine and fino and Ende and end by leaning heavy and heavier on the pine needles and the nuts.

GILBERT HIGHET

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A Passage to India

TOWARD FREEDOM: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JAWAHARLAL NEHRU. John Day. \$4.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU is the inalienable son of Mother India. But he was educated in England and conditioned by the culture and history of the nation that holds Mother India in thrall. It is the impact of this double play of forces upon an intelligent, sensitive, and genuinely noble human being which makes his remarkable autobiography one of the most absorbing personal histories of modern times. But Nehru happens also to be one of those men, like Trotsky or Lenin, for whom political and social ideas and actions are the very substance of their private lives; his personal story is therefore an intimate history of the Indian national movement for the past twenty-five years. But I should not like to give the impression that his book is either impersonal or cold. On the contrary, he writes simply, with humor and deep feeling, of his immediate family life; and so strong is his identification with the masses of India that he writes in the same direct way of their activities, their hopes and failures, their demonstrations and persecutions; with the result that they become imperceptibly an extension of his own family. And since their interlocutor speaks our language those vast white-robed Eastern multitudes, whose reality has been hidden by the mists of imperial condescension and Occidental ignorance, are for once human, differentiated; Lahore becomes as palpable as Detroit.

"Toward Freedom" touches upon every issue of Indian life and politics. Nehru has spent most of his adult life in British Indian jails; he has experienced the lathee blows of the British police and the legal persecutions of British Indian courts. He has seen the deliberate stirring up of communal feeling for imperial purposes. Yet for all his personal and often painful involvement in the sorrows and trials of his people the total effect of his book is one of serenity and objectivity. His passion is crystallized in irony, not dissolved in malice; and he describes the mentality of the Indian Civil Service, for instance, with the scrupulous care and understanding of a good novelist.

His characterizations of individuals are marked by the same meticulous and penetrating analysis. And the most interesting is that of Gandhi, of whom he provides the best portrait and the shrewdest estimate I have seen. Nehru the Western socialist is unsparing in his criticism of Gandhi the Eastern mystic who resists the advance of science and thinks that landlords must merely be induced to undergo a "change of heart" toward the peasants they exploit; but Nehru's almost filial affection and admiration for the man who has done so much to awaken the political consciousness and to bolster, by means of the strict discipline of Satyagraha, the stamina and self-respect of India's millions, preclude any trace of bitterness. By observing the play of opposition here revealed between the old leader and the new, the reader also gains a thorough understanding of the Indian National Congress and of its gradually changing character and aims. It began as an upper-middle-class organization; today it draws its main membership and strength from the rural masses. Its present slogan is independence but Nehru himself, though he thinks that must be the first step, is not infected with what

he calls the "disease of nationalism." "If we claim independence today," he writes, "it is with no desire for isolation. On the contrary, we are perfectly willing to surrender part of that independence, in common with other countries, to a real international order."

At the moment Nehru is again in jail for taking part in individual disobedience as a protest against the British refusal to promise freedom to India in return for what would then be its voluntary help in defeating Nazi Germany. (This fact accounts for that slightly hollow sound in Churchill's eloquent appeals to democracy.) Yet Nehru, like Gandhi, stopped short of ordering a mass civil disobedience campaign which would make trouble for Britain at war with Germany. Why? "We had no desire," he says, "to encourage the Nazi rulers in any way; . . . we who had suffered as a subject people knew well what this would mean for others. We of all people could not tolerate their racial views and racial oppression. . . . Though England's ruling classes may have treated us badly and her imperialism may have crushed us we had no ill will for her people, who were bravely facing peril and extreme danger." He makes it clear, however, that though the Indian struggle for independence has been deferred, it will be resumed and pushed to a final conclusion.

That Nehru should "prefer" the frying pan of British imperialism to the fire of totalitarian domination is understandable (especially to those who have never rotted in Indian jails); the distinction he makes again and again between England's people and England's imperial system seems overmagnanimous, coming from Nehru. But it has authentic roots in his own double background. He is the prisoner of England's imperial system; but the language in which he speaks for the freedom of India and the principles on which he bases his case are the language and principles of the other England, of Pater and the poets, of Milton and Burke. His hope is that the other England will gather the strength not only to defeat Nazism but to liquidate the imperialist system which holds the British people as well as Mother India in thrall.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Masterpiece

THE WORLD OF THE THIBAUTS. By Roger Martin du Gard. The Viking Press. Two Volumes. \$6.

IT is one thing to call a book a masterpiece of irony or its author's masterpiece and quite another to call it a masterpiece. The qualifying phrase reduces the value of that fearful and magic word by at least one-half. A scrupulous reviewer is inclined to sterilize the word thus every time he uses it, but twice or thrice in a lifetime he meets a book about which he feels no hesitation. This is such a case: "The World of the Thibaults" is a masterpiece.

The eight parts of this work—the earliest and best of the many cyclic novels France has produced since the first World War—appeared in Paris from 1922 to 1940. In 1939 Stuart Gilbert gave an admirable rendering of the first six parts, and this, under the title of "The Thibaults," forms the first of the present volumes. The second, somewhat ambiguously called "Summer 1914," completes the novel by

giving parts seven and eight in the same translator's faithful version. For the first time one can read the whole work, which counts nearly 1,900 pages, in English.

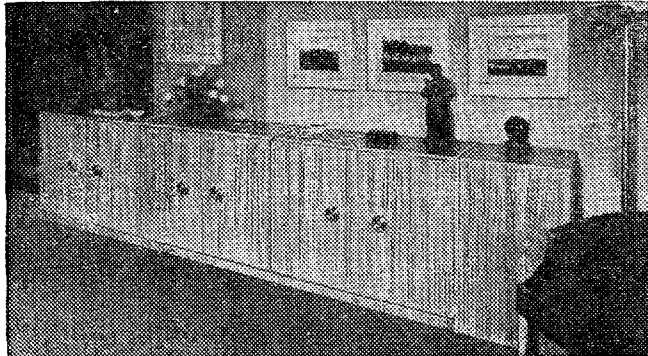
In French the entire novel is simply called *Les Thibault*. But the English title is quite justified since, around old Oscar Thibault and his sons Jacques and Antoine, there move other characters and there exists a palpable world made up of objects and places that are as real to us as their analogues in our own lives. Often they are so real as to usurp a place in the reader's life: for whoever has been enthralled by the novel—and I doubt if anyone who has begun it has not been—certain squares and corners of Paris and Geneva belong now to Jacques or Antoine. This fact bears witness to the great impression of life that Martin du Gard has achieved, not so much in his physical descriptions, as in his creation of characters. Limiting himself to an extraordinarily small number of figures for a work of this extent, he returns constantly to the same ones, digging ever deeper beneath the surfaces, until we come to know them as well as we know our best friends. Jacques and Antoine occupy the center of the stage while beside and behind them, receiving a more or less direct light depending on their importance to those two protagonists, stand Jenny and Daniel and Rachel, Jerome de Fontanin and Meynestrel, and the others.

From the very first pages, which describe the Thibault and Fontanin families' impressions of the two boys' flight from home, the reader establishes direct contact with the characters. As their lives unfold, he sees them in a variety of situations and experiencing all types of emotions. Antoine's improvised operation on a little girl crushed in an accident and his passionate love affair with the exotic Rachel; Daniel's philanderings in the manner of his father and his encounter with one of his father's former mistresses; Jacques's sufferings in the reformatory and later his tender love for Jenny; Antoine's daring injection administered to shorten his father's death agony are passages in the first volume which show the author's technique for creating flesh-and-blood characters. It is the technique that life itself uses.

In the second volume the canvas broadens perceptibly and the Thibault microcosm reflects more faithfully the European macrocosm of 1914 and its headlong rush toward war. Jacques, by then a militant socialist, does his part in Geneva, Paris, and Brussels to warn of the impending catastrophe and to organize resistance to a passive acceptance of it. Before the summer of 1939 those chapters might have seemed to some readers too faithful a reproduction of the anguish felt only by the most alert in 1914; today they have an added poignancy and truth because we have all lived through such emotions. Actually, the approach of war, seen from the vantage point of the Second International and contrasted in its last stage with the successful outcome of Jacques's and Jenny's love, forms a stirring narrative. Here more than anywhere else one wishes that the American edition had preserved the chapter headings of the original, since the dates given there help in following the rapid succession of events.

Until his tragic and futile, yet wholly appropriate, death soon after the outbreak of hostilities, Jacques holds the reader's attention most insistently. In a sense the whole novel could have ended there, for its most obvious subject is the story of an adolescent who never grew up, who refused in-

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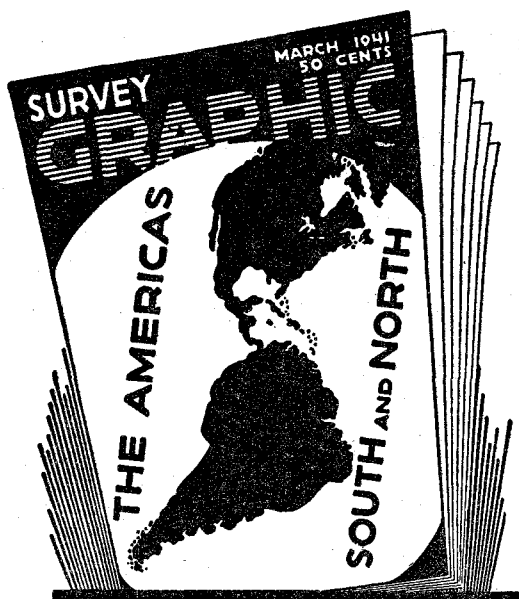
NIETZSCHE

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deed to grow up. A youth marked by "an innate revulsion from injustice" finds himself at fourteen in a world full of injustice. Quite naturally he revolts, first by fleeing home and school, a second time by fleeing his recent past and a brilliant future career, and finally by spurning the whole war-torn world and dying for an ideal. The Epilogue, however, is essential not only to round out the world of the Thibaults, but also to provide a very human and very real apotheosis of Jacques. For by 1918, when his and Jenny's son is four years old and Antoine, fatally gassed, is slowly dying in a hospital, Jacques's spirit has communicated itself to all the other principal characters. Not only Jenny, who now idolizes his memory, but also Antoine and Daniel and even the diplomat Rumelles have seen the futility of the war and come to share the ideas with which Jacques shocked them in 1914. Antoine's diary, at the end of the whole novel, shows him resembling his brother more and more as he approaches death; in him a maturer Jacques dies a second time. More acutely than ever the reader recognizes that these characters, with whom he has lived in close communion, remain faithful to themselves through all the changes brought by time, accidents, disease, and world catastrophe.

While the action of the novel covers the period from about 1905 to the end of 1918, it also reflects very strongly the last twenty years during which Martin du Gard composed it. As a result it brings out by implication more clearly than any other novel the close affinity between what we called until lately the pre-war and the post-war. Chronicling an era that died during the first World War, the author constantly has a thought for death—despite the general robustness and health of his work. Part six deals with the father's agony, part seven ends with Jacques's death, and part eight with Antoine's. Even making allowances for the technical utility and brilliance of some of the death scenes, one must admit that this is a pessimistic novel written by an idealist who nevertheless sees life as it is and deliberately remains objective. Upon receiving the Nobel Prize in 1937—one of the very few times that he has consented to speak of himself publicly—Roger Martin du Gard defined himself as "an independent writer who has escaped the fascination of partisan ideologies, an investigator as objective as is humanly possible, as well as a novelist striving to express the tragic quality of human lives." That quality is here in abundance. Yet the disappearance of Jacques and Antoine is also symbolic. And as he wrote the last lines of his novel the author already knew that he was witnessing the death of another epoch. But he has wisely left these implications for the reader to make.

Though he is anything but reactionary in politics and his general view of life, Roger Martin du Gard remains a conservative in his literary method and habits of mind. His patient system of documentation that filled his house at Bellême with reference cards for his great work; his love of the exact sciences that caused him to give medicine such an important role; and his general distrust of religion and metaphysics came to him doubtless during his early studies as a paleographer and archaeologist. But they also belong to the nineteenth century. In addition to his faithful and whole reproduction of life, this is another reason why one is so often led to compare him with the giants of the immediate past—Flaubert, Zola, and Tolstoi.

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

IN BRIEF

REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE.

By Carson McCullers. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

A remarkable novelette by the young woman who wrote "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter." An army post in the South forms the setting for a story that echoes D. H. Lawrence's "Sun" and "The Prussian Officer" and yet retains a haunting originality in its probing into the hearts of a half-dozen thwarted, soul-stunted men and women.

HOLD AUTUMN IN YOUR HAND.

By George Sessions Perry. Viking Press. \$2.

A "Growth of the Soil" in a Texas setting, this invigorating novel tells how Sam Tucker wrestled with sixty-eight acres of black bottom-land to make a crop of corn and cotton, and how he made out all right in spite of rains and undernourishment and the machinations of a pesky neighbor with the soul of a varmint. Sam and his family are mighty likable folks, with no education but with plenty of gumption and good sense, and you'll be happy to leave them at the end of the long southern autumn with plenty of canned vegetables on hand to protect them against pellagra for the winter.

EAST BY DAY. By Blair Niles. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

This novel resurrects a little-known historical episode of the 1840's: the strange case of the slave schooner *Amistad*, whose human cargo rebelled and thus became the vortex of an international legal scramble. The interest of the book lies not so much in its conventional characters as in the untangling of the moral and legal issues of the case before the Supreme Court, and in the author's picture of the experimental colony of Liberia, where part of the action takes place.

JOURNEY TO THE WORLD'S END.

By Hakon Mielche. Doubleday Doran. \$2.50.

Apparently the author of this volume is a professional traveler who goes to strange places for the purpose of writing about them. Here, however, his resemblance to the late Richard Halliburton stops short. He is realistic, genially tough-minded, and as entertaining a companion as one could wish. The particular world's end referred to is *Tierra del Fuego*, and the climax of the jour-

ney is a voyage around the Horn in a remodeled lifeboat. Readers of Darwin's "Voyage of a Naturalist" will remember the latter's account of some of the country visited by Mielche and be interested to see what has happened to it in a little more than one hundred years. Most of the primitive people Darwin saw are dead of pneumonia or tuberculosis traceable to new ways of life introduced by the missionaries. Thousands of sheep now grow thick wool where nothing lived before and there are quite a few sheep-raising millionaires. The most southerly town in the world is also one of the world's most dismal and most depraved. All in all a very superior book of its kind.

RECORDS

IN Stravinsky's Violin Concerto there was no "lyrical substructure of concepts" to provide Balanchine with genuine "motor impulses" for the choreography of "Balustrade" (the phrases are those I quoted a while ago from Lincoln Kirstein's discussion of the relation of Balanchine's work to music). For Stravinsky's piece is nothing more than ink on paper; and the motor impulses that worked out into Balanchine's choreography were those of Balanchine's own emotions, which in turn could be inferred from the richness of his idiom, the complexity of his forms—from the rich lyricism of his first movement, the occasionally excessive intricacy of his second and fourth, the powerful concentration of the third. For this third-movement *pas de trois* Tchelitchev's costumes were perfect; but most of the others were, I thought, a lot of nonsense to cover up essential pointlessness—and nonsense that contributed, I think, to what happened at the second and third performances. In the audiences were people who had read John Martin's dismissal of "Balustrade" as something not to be taken seriously, who had come prepared to find what they saw funny, and who saw things like Petroff in black with a huge pink ribbon tied in a bow on his chest; and at certain intricate details—done, it is true, with disturbing awkwardness by dancers substituted for the original principals who had become ill—these people laughed.

In contrast to Stravinsky's horrid piece there was, the first evening, the wonderful music of Chabrier that had, not surprisingly, led Balanchine to create "Cotillon," one of the loveliest and most fascinating of all ballets. Among other

De Basil productions Lichine's "Graduation Ball" was delightful; Fokine's "Sylphides" was superbly done; his "Carnaval" was good with Riabouchinska and Lazowsky in the cast; and though his "Petrouchka" was handicapped by the wretched performance of the music, enough of the astounding originality and undiminished power of the choreography was evident to make one wonder that the same mind should have produced the rubbish of "Paganini," which Mr. Martin took seriously.

Columbia gives us two fine piano sonatas of Mozart—K. 332, with its exquisite first movement, and K. 576, with Mozart's most developed, most complex writing for the keyboard—played by Casadesu in the fluent, polished, anaemic style in which French pianists think it proper to play Mozart (Set 433, \$3.50). The sound of the piano is well recorded; but there is an occasional indistinctness in high notes, and with a light pickup there is an occasional rattle. And Mozart's superb String Quartet K. 458 ("Hunting") is recorded not, as one would wish, by the Budapest Quartet, but by the Roth (Set 438, \$3.50). The performance is sensitive, but is recorded with a lacerating sharpness of sound.

Columbia's best recording so far of Stokowski and his Youth Orchestra is to be heard on their disc (11481-D, \$1) of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance." That is, it gives us the normal sound of an orchestra, though not the splendors of his Victor recordings with the Philadelphia Orchestra. The orchestral version of the piece is Stokowski's own, and includes the inevitable lily-gilding touches; the performance is quite unaffected. And one of Columbia's better recording-jobs with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony under Barbirolli—if one excepts the nasal cellotone—was done with the performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Capriccio Espagnol" (Set X-185, \$2.50); but the performance itself does not make the music exciting. Beethoven's Twelve Contra-Dances, published by Music Press, are a minor Beethoven product, adequately performed by the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony under Barlow, and well recorded (Set X-184, \$2.50).

Also published by Music Press are the American Psalms and Fuguing Tunes of the American composer of the Revolutionary period, William Billings, which are well recorded for Columbia by the Madrigalists (Set 434, \$2.75). They have individuality and spirit; "Judea" (17250-D) has charm; and

Coming *in early issues of* ^{THE} *Nation*

FILM FACTS and FOIBLES

Turn to page 249 of this issue for the second regular dispatch from *The Nation's* new correspondent in Hollywood

ANTHONY BOWER

Hollywood is the capital of unreality, the heart of our most fabulous industry. It deals in glamor girls and gangsters; it practices its own peculiar and often ludicrous brands of censorship. But it furnishes the entertainment of a nation and it is one of the few remaining "lots" on earth still free of direct political control.

Having gathered to itself every important European director, writer, and actor in the field, Hollywood has become more than ever the film center of the world.

Mr. Bower, who was formerly film critic of the *New Statesman and Nation* in England where he lived for several years, will send a fortnightly letter on the latest developments—amusing or serious, æsthetic, political or social—in Hollywood. He will cover the latest films and uncover the newest foibles in our most fabulous industry.

Read *The News*
From Hollywood
FORTNIGHTLY IN
^{THE} *Nation*

Pétain - Laval - Weygand

The only American correspondent to obtain interviews with Marshal Pétain and General Weygand, JAY ALLEN will write three articles for *The Nation*, revealing the inside story of intrigue and counter-intrigue that link Paris, Vichy, and French North Africa.

Inside the State Department

Who are the men who administer our foreign policy? Who speak for the United States in foreign lands? What are their social and political backgrounds—and their business connections? These questions and others will be answered in a series of three articles by FRED KIRCHWEY, editor of *The Nation*, who will probe the most important, most secretive of all our government bureaus.

A New World of Literature

Four critical essays on the literary men and movements of Latin America are planned for early publication in *The Nation*. The series, intended to acquaint the people of the United States with the rich and varied culture of the world to the south of them, will include: Spanish-American Fiction, by LUIS ALBERTO SANCHEZ, brilliant Peruvian critic now exiled in Chile; Spanish-American Poetry, by ALFONSO REYES, Mexican poet, diplomat, and eminent man of letters in Latin America; Work of the Younger Writers, by EDUARDO MALLEA of *La Nación*, Argentina's most important newspaper; and a commentary by WALDO FRANK, whose knowledge of this field has earned the respect and admiration of all South America.

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"When Jesus Wept" (same disc) is quite moving. In the volume of South American Chamber Music (Set 437, \$4.50) I find only the few pieces and songs by Fernandez and Uribe-Holguin mildly interesting or enjoyable. They are well performed by Olga Averino, soprano, Alfredo St. Malo, violinist, Fritz Magg, 'cellist, and Nicolas Slonimsky, pianist; and the recording is good except for an occasional rattle on a high-fidelity machine with a light pick-up. Victor Chenkin is a delightful artist in his own way; but without his gestures and facial expressions his recorded recital (Set 435, \$3.50) will interest and amuse only those who understand Hebrew and Yiddish. "Der Rebbe Elimelech" (17260-D) wavers badly in pitch. Robert Russell Bennett's "Hexapoda" (Five Studies in Jitteroptera), recorded by Louis Kaufman, violinist, and the composer at the piano, are a mildly diverting parodistic use of jazz idioms (70727-D, \$1). B. H. HAGGIN

FILMS

Hollywood, February 19

THE white-collar workers in all branches of industry, curbed possibly by a certain gentility and by a fear of the word union, have not been conspicuously quick or efficient at organization, and in the motion-picture industry, where there is the added fear of racketeering in local unions, have only recently begun to organize on an industry-wide basis. Their working conditions are considerably more insecure than in any comparable industry and apparently they have been induced by two factors to put up with them quite patiently: first, the standard of wages in Los Angeles is, in general, very low and therefore workers gravitate to the studios where pay, if not high, is at least above the local average; secondly, there is a glamor value attached to working in a business which may be considered artistic. A studio office worker is today employed on an hourly basis, works six days a week, has no seniority rights, no job security, and is, in fact, subject to dismissal without notice. True, some employers arrange for a week's notice or perhaps two weeks pay in lieu of it, but not long ago a stenographer was dismissed for no reason and at twenty minutes' notice from a major studio where she had been employed for sixteen years.

Until 1939 each studio had its office workers' guild organized on a company

basis. These office guilds were powerless; their bargaining committees, consisting of employees, were by their very nature helpless, and the workers were entirely dependent on the degree of generosity their employers deemed politic. Naturally some studios were more forthcoming than others, and as time went on employees realized that they must attempt to organize on a wider basis and create some bargaining leverage to obtain more uniformly satisfactory conditions. For instance, the employees at Twentieth Century-Fox receive high minimum wages, and have good vacation and sick-leave arrangements and a fixed scale of salary increases, while at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer they are allowed only one week's vacation a year, five days' sick leave, and have no guarantee of a salary increase.

Twentieth Century-Fox, Paramount, and Warner Brothers were astute enough to treat their employees with generosity, a policy which, as it now turns out, has stood them in very good stead. General dissatisfaction in the other studios and the fear of being taken over by the A. F. of L., where the office workers' problems were consigned to oblivion, brought the Screen Office Employees Guild into existence in December, 1939. It had a stormy career at first, but by now it represents all the studios with three notable omissions—those cited as the most generous to their employees.

The natural result of this defection is to cripple the effectiveness of S. O. E. G. The guild at the end of last year settled its classifications and wage scale; its contract is prepared; and it has been certified by the National Labor Relations Board to bargain for its members; it is, in fact, an organization as complete as any of the other independent guilds (the Writers', Publicists', etc.) which are empowered to bargain as a unit with producers. However, owing to the gap in S. O. E. G.'s ranks, the producers are able to stall in opening negotiations. The guild is determined to deal with the producers as a body and not with each studio separately, but so far it has not obtained the producers' consent.

Of course, it is understandable why employees of the three major studios mentioned have seen fit to stand aloof. They are frightened of losing privileges which might outweigh the security offered by the guild, and moreover pro-guild employees in these studios who have been too outspoken are likely to find themselves doing the more unpleasant jobs and not being promoted

as fast as they might be. It is probably hard to realize, in this period of defense prosperity, that to join the S. O. E. G. would be a wise insurance for the future, and that to facilitate the negotiation of a uniform industry-wide agreement—the aim of S. O. E. G.—would be to improve the status and security of all the office workers.

Having been hounded over the continent of Europe, refugees who finally find sanctuary in this country may be partially immune to the yapping and snarling at their ankles which is beginning in Hollywood. But to the observer, the crescendo of attacks on aliens in the industry has a slightly sinister sound. True, the majority of people in the film world are both tolerant and even actively generous to alien fugitives from the Nazis, but there is a vociferous minority, consisting largely of superannuated actors, certain columnists, and others, ready to cash in on the present patriotic atmosphere by venting their spleen and accusing the industry of un-Americanism for allowing these unfortunates to make a living. Mr. Hearst's threat of a newspaper campaign along these lines, as a reprisal if "Citizen Kane" is released in its present form, is an ominous portent of things to come.

As a matter of cold fact, the aliens employed here account for less than one per cent of the total payroll of the studios, and most of these have already taken out their first papers. There are, of course, quite a number of aliens in prominent positions, but few will deny that they have made contributions to an industry which supposedly has something to do with art and should therefore know no frontiers. Moreover, the more fortunate of the aliens are making considerable sacrifices of money and time to help jobless refugees, saving the country or the state the necessity of looking after them.

The European Film Fund, which has as its president Ernst Lubitsch, was founded two years ago and now looks after some 250 people—artists, actors, directors, who cannot find employment and probably never will. The funds for this purpose are raised among Europeans who are employed and who donate a fixed percentage of their salaries. The society tactfully gives its support in the form of loans, and tries hard as well to find jobs for its dependents, jobs which as far as possible will not interfere with the employment of citizens. An attempt is made to create new jobs and if a dependent of the society

has an idea in the least degree original and practical it is financed. However, jobs and practical ideas are hard to come by. Only the most talented among the refugees are likely to act or direct again; and they must find new ways of making a living, in many cases as domestic servants. This is an adjustment terribly hard to accomplish, and it is to be hoped that their unpleasant lot will not be made any more difficult by the rising tide of nationalist feeling.

Warner Brothers made a charming attempt to anesthetize the press at what was described as a local-color preview of "The Strawberry Blonde." The entertainment included a buffet supper on a sound stage decorated to represent a beer garden of the nineties, and music-hall turns of or representing the same decade. The audience, which included many distinguished stars, sang period songs. The film was likewise quaint—for the first few minutes; but when it is mentioned that the dentist's chair and a solitary-confinement cell provide the biggest laughs it will be seen that the humor is a little macabre. James Cagney and Olivia de Havilland are both delightful, thanks to no one but themselves.

M-G-M has remade "The Trial of Mary Dugan" with Laraine Day and Robert Young. At least half the picture is spent in whitewashing Mary Dugan, which makes the character not very colorful and the story nonsensical. Later we find ourselves in the familiar courtroom and things are a bit brighter, but since the story has almost acquired folklore status by this time, it is not easy to get excited over that thrilling denouement.

ANTHONY BOWER

ART

Out of the French Revolution

IN connection with its brilliant exhibition of French paintings, prints, and drawings of the nineteenth century, the Metropolitan Museum is holding a charming show of the fashions of the epoch; and amusingly enough an unchanging feature of the fashion-prints recurs to the mind of the spectator as he moves among the works of fine art. The unchanging feature of the fashion-plates happens to be that badge of liberty and characteristic element of nineteenth-century masculine attire—the pair of trousers! Pantaloon, the attire of those "free Frenchmen," the ancient

Gauls, were donned by the French revolutionaries as the token of a society which in principle at least granted its members the right of action in accordance with their own will. Their sons also relegated knee-breeches to courtiers and lackeys; continued to wear pants as the badge of liberty and individualism.

What calls them to mind among the marvelous paintings by Ingres, Delacroix, Degas, Manet, Seurat, Toulouse-Lautrec, and others on the museum walls is the circumstance that in all their comparative magnificence these nineteenth-century works (and indeed the body of art from which they were drawn) also represent the spirit of individualism—but not merely emblematically.

The output of each of the galaxy that produced this art not only has its particular, unmistakable character. That hallmark of the individualist, consciousness of an unconfoundable self and of a special destiny to fulfill, greets us from all of it: indeed, one of the exhibits, Gros's portrait of "the man of destiny," Napoleon at Arcola, might serve as the banner of the show, so succinctly does it project the type and common consciousness of the painters. Simultaneously, action in the field of art in accordance with the will of the artist and for his proper ends also reveals itself. It is not necessary that we be told the author of these boldly experimental canvases permitted no church, no state, not even a school to prescribe their techniques and subjects; that the schools hurled curses after them all, Ingres included, in the form of allegations that they "didn't know how to draw"; that many of them painted totally without reference to patrons or public and paid for their independence in the coin of poverty and starvation. The epoch-making developments of technique, the immensely widened range of subjects and of pathos, the new spiritual perspectives and horizons in these unique, accomplished paintings constitute a cloud of witnesses to freedom of action.

The arts exhibit as a whole furthermore represents individualism by giving an idea of the spiritual increase possible to and characteristic of the superior individual, and a sign of his means to the creation of a milieu favoring the survival of his sort. This is to say that in the real sense, these painters "wore the pants." This spiritual enlargement—which takes shape as the individual's steadily growing consciousness of a self not only opposed but related to and homogeneous with other beings and things, indeed with universal

life—is freshly brought to mind by evidences of the century-long progress of two discoveries among these post-Revolutionary artists. One of their discoveries was the fact of the organic life of the pictorial medium: they became aware not only of the inward revelation of line and color, but of that element in them which makes the artist desire to draw and paint. We perceive the onset of this awareness through the breath-like line of Ingres, the deep glow of Delacroix's tragic color; its climax in Manet's electric sense of the sufficiency of sheer paint and brush-stroke; its culmination in Cézanne's absolute painting. The parallel discovery was that of the ubiquity of the whole of life. Weak at the start—the subjects of many of the earlier paintings are drawn from remote times and spots, or from historical events—this awareness became powerful in Courbet. Feeling the omnipresent breath of earth, he symbolized it with everyday subjects. In Van Gogh and Cézanne it became an intuition of cosmic ecstasy and architecture through the most commonplace objects. Only the stupid Gauguin had to run to Tahiti for his symbols. The sign of the individual's method of social adjustment—itsself the result of this growing consciousness—in the meantime is given by the very paintings. That method is active representation of the feeling of the life and interrelation of all things. Essentially these works are charts to a free society.

Thus, again we come face to face with the force of the French Revolution: one of the kinds of men it set free; and the aim it had in liberating them. From the purely æsthetic standpoint the show of post-Revolutionary art may be defective: too popular; withheld by its overnumerous Gauguins, Millets, Vuillards, and other minor paintings from the high level where its jewel-like examples of the art of Géricault, Ingres, Delacroix, Manet, Degas, Lautrec offer to set it. Still our thanks go to the double exhibition: it is no small boon, at the moment when the cry is loud against the Revolution's miscarriages, and colossal attempts are afoot to overturn its heritage, to be shown the pit from which so many of us were digged, the spirit of the sires, and some of the possibilities for beauty borne within him by the free-man.

PAUL ROSENFELD

Next Week in The Nation

Edgar Ansel Mowrer

reviews

"Ambassador Dodd's Diary"

Letters to the Editors

The British Communists

Dear Sirs: Harold Laski does not mention the following considerations in his attack on the British Communists in *The Nation* of February 15. Presumably he forgot them:

1. At the People's Convention, the immediate cause of his tirade, it was stressed that should Hitler win, the people to suffer most would be those attending the convention and their kind. This scarcely suggests a desire to help Hitler to victory.

2. The recent British Cabinet changes have brought two more Men of Munich into the Cabinet. Margesson, now Secretary of War, was the Chamberlain whip which never failed to crack over the head of any member of Parliament who showed the slightest desire to criticize his leader. It is impossible, I believe, to find Margesson on record against the Nazis. Margesson was not brought in because of his qualifications. He has held no administrative post. Ernest Brown, now made Minister of Health, was for many years Chamberlain's Secretary of Labor. Never once did he protest against the policy of appeasement. Ernest Brown was appointed after Laski wrote his article. But Margesson was already appointed and Laski has not protested.

3. That national unity, which Laski says the Communists are attacking, is daily destroyed by the Conservatives and their government. The failure to provide adequate shelters (some have been built with street gutters running through them—see the *New Statesman and Nation*); the refusal to recognize the need for a nationally subsidized plan of evacuation which will provide decent accommodation for the evacuees and to rescue the public education system, now *utterly destroyed*; the tardiness with which assistance has been given to bombed-out people and with which decisions have been reached on such questions as paying rent for bombed homes; the refusal of the employers to sign an agreement offered by the Trades Union Council guaranteeing reasonable profits, but stipulating for reasonable wage increases to meet the rise in prices (in the case of some foods amounting to 250 per cent)—all these are day-to-day indications of the effective war the Tories are waging against their own people.

Yet for Laski the Communists alone stand out as disrupters of "national unity."

4. When Laski rests his prosecution of the Communists where do we find him? Openly and happily in the arms of the Conservatives! If this charge seems harsh, remember he is content to leave post-war problems with "the strong team, under Mr. Greenwood [which] has just been appointed by the War Cabinet, to lay down the general principles of post-war construction." Mr. Greenwood, who so far has been the shining failure of the present government, mediocre bunch that they are! Apart from its personnel, does Laski seriously contend that this committee is any more than political whitewash, destined for oblivion as soon as convenient? He is old enough to remember the fate of similar committees appointed by the British during the last war.

5. The British government has consistently refused to state its war or peace aims. To beat the Nazis is about all the light so far vouchsafed; no promises of internal reform, no promises concerning the colonies or India, no promises about the fate of Continental Europe, have been given. The sole indication of the mind of the government has been Prime Minister Churchill's appeal to the Italians to dispossess Mussolini. Are the British people being called upon to suffer their enormous sacrifices simply to change the fasces of Mussolini into the crown of Victor Emmanuel? Laski does not raise any of these points; is he then, by implication, willing that we in this country should also be victims of this swindle?

KENNETH J. LOWELL

Philadelphia, February 24

The Radical Tories

Dear Sirs: Criticism by *The Nation*, and liberal groups, of the appointment of Lord Halifax as Ambassador to the United States seems to me somewhat misleading, and injurious to Britain's fight against Hitlerism, because it fails to state all facts.

Of course, progressives in America would prefer an ambassador representative of the more progressive forces in England to one representative of the Tory group. But in order to give a complete picture of the situation you should

point out that the Tories in England are not of the same type as Girdler, Willkie, or Ford.

The Tory group to which Lord Halifax belongs has for many years accepted the principle of full, adequate, compulsory social insurance, not merely for old age and unemployment, which we recently achieved in the United States, but for sickness as well. Neither in the federal government nor in the states has compulsory health insurance been actively pushed, so that the Tory group and Lord Halifax are somewhat to the left of the New Deal in this matter.

In Great Britain there is unified public ownership of the entire transportation system in Greater London. The law which established that was actually passed, in its final form, by a Parliament with a large Tory majority. So far as achievement is concerned, Lord Halifax and the British Tories are, in this matter, to the left of LaGuardia, who has yet to obtain unified public ownership of New York's traffic system.

Great Britain, with the support and consent of the Tory group, publicly controls and, in substantial part, publicly owns, a grid system for electric power and light. Though the New Deal Administration favors like action, it hasn't provided definite legislation for it. The Tory group thus is far left of the New Deal on the question of public ownership and control of electric power.

There is no law in England similar to the National Labor Relations Law, the chief reason being lack of need: the Tory group in England, with very few exceptions, has long accepted the principle of collective bargaining. It is thus as advanced as the New Deal in this respect.

All branches of the armed services of Great Britain are open to Hindus and Negroes. One young Negro college student in this country, who was refused enlistment in the United States Army Air Corps, crossed over to Canada and was promptly accepted by the R.A.F. This matter is entirely in Roosevelt's power, since he is commander-in-chief of the armed forces. In its race-relations policy the Tory group which Lord Halifax represents is therefore far to the left of Roosevelt.

The Tory group today has an overwhelming majority in Parliament. It has not abolished by law labor's right to

strike in war-time. Thus, Lord Halifax and the Tories are to the left of almost every political group in America having representation in Congress, except—so far—the New Dealers.

Lord Halifax and the Tory government have accepted freedom for Ireland in accordance with the wishes of the Irish people, without even insisting on retaining naval bases within Eire. In our dealings with the Philippines we have granted freedom to the islands but retained a naval base at Manila that has far less strategic justification than would a British demand for a naval base in Eire. Here, also, Lord Halifax and his Tory group are more completely and genuinely democratic than Congress, as expressed by its acts relating to the Philippines.

Failure to make all these facts clear, it seems to me, helps to retard the growth of public opinion in favor of all necessary aid to Great Britain.

ALFRED BAKER LEWIS

New York, February 21

Strikes in Defense

Dear Sirs: The Associated Press dispatch from Washington showing that strikes in the United States during the last six months of 1940 were fewer than during the same six months of 1939 and far less than during 1917, when we were actually at war, is a complete and sufficient answer to the outcry of reactionary labor baiters in Congress and elsewhere for legislation to outlaw strikes, chloroform the unions, and curb the immensely valuable work being done by the National Labor Relations Board.

There are, to be sure, danger spots of industrial conflict in such important defense industries as the Ford Motor Company and the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. But this danger exists solely because these concerns and others like them have stubbornly refused to accept the principle of collective bargaining with genuine labor unions.

If the principle of collective bargaining is accepted by the employer in good faith, and if the companies in defense industries do not insist on keeping all their considerable profits for themselves, but pass on some of them to their employees in increased wages, there is no danger that the organized workers of this country will interfere with our defense efforts. Alert and experienced trade-unionists are aware of the vast difference between the United States and Great Britain, where labor has important rights and is growing in influence, and

the Hitler and Mussolini dictatorships, where the unions have been completely suppressed. They will therefore not interfere needlessly with the program for getting the armaments needed to defeat totalitarian tyranny.

Actually the defense program is far more endangered by the great reluctance of some defense industries, notably aluminum and steel manufacturing, to expand their facilities, than it is by strikes. These concerns have become so inured to a policy of restricted output to keep up prices that they cannot wholeheartedly rise to the occasion and expand their capital facilities now that expansion is needed. They fear there will be excess capacity when the war against Hitler and his Allies is over and that this excess capacity may be used to drive prices down and curtail their profits. Unfortunately, some important manufacturers in this country appear to dislike reduced profits far more than they dislike Hitlerism, and in consequence are justifiably earning the name of appeasers.

FRANK R. CROSSWAITH

Chairman, Negro Labor Committee
New York, February 16

Public Whipping

Dear Sirs: What influence has the enfranchisement of women had upon our democratic society? Students of this subject have a lesson worthy of study in Maryland, where the women are united in defense of that venerable symbol of man's inhumanity to man—the whipping post. The perennial bill to end public whipping met the same swift fate in the current Maryland legislature that has been its lot in preceding sessions, and it is said no Maryland politician dares support it for fear of reprisals by women voters. It is worth pointing out, incidentally, that under the law only wife-beaters are whipped, and possibly the broad social view of many women is obscured by personal feelings.

Proponents of whipping do not claim that it corrects or tends to rehabilitate the offender. Indeed, any punishment that humiliates him and destroys his self-respect could not embody such objectives. The advantage, it is contended, is that by persecuting and making an example of one offender, the publicity serves as a deterrent to other, potential offenders. If this line of reasoning were carried to its logical conclusion, we would be right back where we were when man began his ascent from the abysmal pit of the dark ages.

It is to be expected that in organizations composed of conservative and re-

actionary elements—the Junior League and the D. A. R., for example—the members should cherish the traditions and customs of a bygone era with nostalgic fervor. However, when the members of bridge clubs, sewing circles, civic clubs, and other social organizations—the good women who constitute the backbone of our society—unite in defense of a degrading institution, it is indeed discouraging.

FRANK T. HOWELL

Chattanooga, Tenn., February 20

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